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The Rostrum.

LECTURE NO. 2.

BY MRS. EMMA HARDINGE.

Delivered at Harmonia Hall, Eleventh and Wood Sts., Philadelphia.

Sunday Evening, Oct. 1st, 1869.

[Photographically reported by Henry T. C. H. M. D., especially for the RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.]

INVOCATION.

Great Spirit! Once more we meet beneath the roof we have chosen wherein to write Thy sacred name in characters of spiritual light. Our darkness is upon us; but Thou hast taught us that with Thee there is no night—no darkness. We draw nearer to Thee now, for we feel our blindness—our helplessness. We are glad to come to this place to consult with Thee once more. We ask Thee that when our hearts are bowed down with sorrow, when there is no comfort for us in the face of man, when all is dark and desolate around us, that as our faltering steps doth here come, Thou wilt shed abroad thy peace, thy love, thy strength, and in this chosen temple, speak with us face to face as a father with his children. Great Spirit! teach us as we come here with the sacrifice only, of a broken spirit and a contrite heart, with strong purposes for good, with leaving trust in Thee—that as we approach in spirit nearer and nearer to Thee, our God, That wilt answer us and stand abroad thy spiritual strength and light, and make us feel that it is good to be here to consult with Thee, our Father, and our Friend.

To Thee! Great Spirit, we dedicate the services of this hour. If thou wilt hang upon these the words of power and inspiration, then shall the seeds of truth be sown within these hearts.

All that these faltering lips may fail to speak, forgive; all that's the echo of thy high purpose, satisfy to the good of these thy children.

LECTURE.

We speak this night of "The Relations of Science to Spiritualism."

There are those who have been accustomed to listen to the Spiritualist's claim, that their belief is a religion. There are those who recognize as we do, that the Seventh day is a day set apart for high and holy counsel, when we put aside life's burdens, when the weight of many cares is set aside, and we dedicate ourselves alone to those high and holy spiritual counsels, that will make us stronger as we journey in time, and spiritually stronger for eternity, though we know that all days are alike holy. This is why we propose to speak this night of these external things that we call science—this is our claim for the noblest phases of science and religion, for religion must ever fall in its efforts unless based upon the demonstrations of science.

We claim that science is the holy and comforting staff which God has placed in our hand. Religion has too long been divorced from the terms of science, and this divorce has left us without the evidence that our religion is true. We claim that Spiritualism is a recognition both of the science of the soul and the science of matter; that it is the tie which binds up matter and spirit, and proves the truth of one by the demonstrations of the other.

It is for this reason chiefly, that we invite you to-night to consider some of the verifications of scientific light that Spiritualism has revealed to us. There might be yet another element in such consideration of the science of Spiritualism. It is the answer to the questions, "What has Spiritualism brought us that is new? What fresh revelation has Spiritualism given to man? What useful knowledge has it brought to us?" What has it told us that is not already our own?" It may be in the slight review of the science of Spiritualism which I propose to present, that there is not a word that shall pass these lips that is not already stamped upon your understanding. It is well, indeed, that the multitude of our richly endowed before our eyes, that we should render often to ourselves an account of the wealth we have received.

First, then, let us call to mind the evidences which the present forms of religion lack in science. You all realize that every form of religious belief claims to be based upon revelation—revelation of what and who are the revelators. Revelation signifies something which we have received—it is not an innate idea; all such revelation as has been received of religious belief, has either come through inspired human lips, or directly by the action of spiritual beings. The mass of these are phenomenal, and inasmuch as they are strange, seem to represent, not the laws of nature, but the ordinary experiences of mankind.

I shall not cite the various forms of religious belief to prove this—you know that all denominations, in all climes and all countries, found their belief upon what they call a revelation from God through ministering spirits. This granted, what are the means by which these spiritual beings give these, or through which the Supreme Spirit reveals His will by inspired human lips? We ask this of all religions, but they cannot reply. They present us with a dilemma of this character, one which sweeps away all forms of science and forever draws a line of demarcation between it and religion, for they can't answer it.

Whilst science is based upon eternal law—whilst every fresh discovery of the order of creation reveals to us the existence of omnipresent, and immutable law—whilst every grain of matter, all the grand and magnificent order of creation preaches law—law so immutable and so eternally fixed that we may calculate the destiny of a rain drop back to the eternity from whence it came, and forward to the eternity into which we are treading. There is not a single note

that dances in the sunbeam, but moves in its place and performs the special functions that was written for it in all ages. When we proceed to measure these revolutions of science, we are answered miracle, and are informed that in all these phenomena the laws of nature have been suspended to permit the infinite mind to reveal himself to mankind.

* * *

When we attempt to reconcile what is called the word of God, with His works, we are assured that we should believe that such phenomena as religion is based upon, have been enacted, but the scene of their enactments is far removed, the theater of these has long since crumbled into dust and ashes, and all evidence of their truth and reality is lost, and the investigation is closed against us by the solemn assurance that the canon of revelation has ended. All these propositions are familiar to Spiritualists, in every age, and whatever may be the form of belief. Need I remind you that this denial of inspiration has been most disastrous to that which I consider the best interests of the race. To know that we have revelations of our own God in this night, is all the assurance that we have in the great mystery of darkness that has come upon our earth, and in the more terrible mystery of the darkness of death, which must fall upon us in an agony of weakness, or of oldage. To feel that we are without the strong arm of the Mighty Shepherd, to whom should we look, pilgrims and sojourners in the midst of this wonderful phenomenal world, that in any moment may fail us?

Or! we dare not trust ourselves to think what we should do, if it were not just the Captain of our salvation—our Father, is at the helm.

Yet, who shall demonstrate Him to us? The unbroken facts of miraculous dispensation which turn aside the order of nature cannot do it. We do not believe that God suspends any of His laws, nor can he turn back the regular march of the fiery sun; neither can he bid the planetary system wait for us, nor can he wave back the rushing winds or stifle the boisterous waves of the ocean to stand still and wait the bidding of our will. We know he can not stay the hand of decay that is eating into the heart of this flower. Not all man's strength, nor all his life, can arrest for one single instant, the silent action of the destroyer as it feeds upon this little blossom.

While we stand thus enfolded in the mighty wave of law, we are told that these laws have been broken by him who planned them.

When we fashion a ship, build a temple or make a bridge, we count the cost and work with such intelligence that our purposes shall be fulfilled. Does the superior architect do less? It is in such a position as this that we find the mightiest minds of the intellectual world, rejecting every form of religion, and choosing Father to grope their way in the blindness of Atheism, Infidelity and cold Materialism, than to bend before such forms as religion would give us undemonstrated by science. It is, then, as we believe, in the fulfillment of the high and holy purpose of Him who leads us up, step by step, and gives us our daily bread, thus to bring us up into a condition in which we are able to receive these truths, and in the fullness of time, has opened the gates of life and permitted us to see for ourselves, the grand and positive evidences of immortality.

We propose to reveal to you some of the scientific principles that grow out of these spiritual forms. We do not ask you now to follow in this grand train of ideas in which we realize that our spirits live forever, and share in the divine attributes of Him we worship as our creator and preserver. I will not ask you to contemplate spiritual existence in its most divine and god-like aspect. To night, I will take the little simplest ray. These are extremely agreeable to those who have not recognized this action of spirituality in their midst, and whether they have accepted, the Spiritualists hypothesize of an intelligent individuality, or whether they withhold an intelligent belief. There are those here who perceive that this phenomena, strange and inexplicable, has folded the world during the last score of years; that it has come upon us like a thief in the night, unsought, ungrown of man, for his hand has never planted the seeds of this marvelous phenomena. It has come upon us in an hour of materialism, in no phase that we could have premised. It has come upon those who have been made the medium of communion, those who are now the soldiers in the mighty army of progress, have been forced into its ranks with no purpose of their own, no concert of action. Yet here we stand, representatives of a vast, countless host of believers, many of whom have started from the humblest form of demonstration, that form which proves conclusively the intelligence of the agent used by the invisible beings in our midst. It is the lowest form of these manifestations that I now invite your attention, without pausing to remind you of the form in which these phenomena commenced, and how they have extended over this land and other lands, until they have captured youth and old, and compelled you to acknowledge that you were listening to the telegraphic messages of the invisible individualized spirit. Let us start from the point where you arrived at this belief, that my spirit friend was signaling to me on my table, near foot, my wall around me. These I well know, better me in my own words; they convince me that there is an eye invisible to me that has seen me yesterday and in the past, and that is watching over me to-day. He recognizes my thought and answers the sentences I have spoken. I move around my chamber and he sees me, his eye is on me. I know not how many watchers are in this room. Surely, when unseen eyes are upon us, they read our minds, catch our thoughts and reproduce them. Here is the evidence of a new science of optics, a new method of perception, a fresh development of

that which we can sight. I raise a moment, and my spirit friend telegraphs to me through sound.

I realize throughout the universe of matter that there are various means, from the world of ponderable up to the imponderable matter, by which the air shall be agitated so that sound shall be produced. But with even the first of these elements, electricity, I perceive the air must be set in motion, and adventure must be provided to produce the result of sound. We call the science of sound or the system by which sounds are produced, the science of acoustics. Here is a new development of this science. Neither the fine, mild fires of electricity as they flash around us, nor the vengeful winds nor the dancing waves, nor the leaping flames, are here; but a spirit, imponderable, intangible, of whose substance we know not, that which we have never analyzed nor put in to our ear, is rapping upon our tables, producing sounds. I built myself alone at this time to the simple tap. I have a vast store of stored forces in developing the vast mass of spirit voices, many other forms of which are yet to be described.

My spirit friend comes to me, I see a floating body before my eyes—it may be a tentacle, it may be a leaf, a blossom—I care not what it is, it is there to give a grade of data, or even any of the ordinary appliances of the science of optics. Here is a new development of materialized science, here is a new form in the realm of physics, we have a new motive to start a new page and discovered a new motive to cover.

There are certain combinations by which much is affected, and there is a feeling of the hand—so intense fact, what substance makes the impressions—we have the feeling. It is another element of science. The I shall leave for future consideration, and simply call you all to the science of acoustics. You all know that in order to perceive objects, and bring them intelligently to the mind, so that they shall make an impression upon the human brain, a wonderful arrangement has been contrived that we call the human eye. You will find that all the efforts of man to extend his vision by the telescope, or microscope, or any moment changes in the microscope, &c. etc. etc. What is it but without any effort of man's will, occurring this suddenly? Just as suddenly, some Titan or Cyclops, prodding these sounds in the laboratory, after rapping them, giving forth those tremendous raps that reverberate through the skies, and travel to the majestic of creation? But they speak not with the force of the little raps, for we search in vain to find an agent to produce these on the plane of earth. Something, I repeat, of the science of optics is yet to be learned, etc. we can explain the sounds that reverberate in the spirit circle.

When we go analyze for you the nature of sound, and sum up the number of vibrations that can be produced, and those in our physical presence in the atmosphere, we find that every breath that goes out from the body, producing even moment changes in the microscope, &c. etc. etc.

We have seen that the spirits give us evidence that they see us by their hands. In communion with us, and hence there is something in the science of optics yet to be learned. We have reminded you that the science of optics is now, in this matter, surpassing all the powers of the invisible, to bring into dust, we shall see with our spiritual vision, far beyond the curtains of ceremony, and trace the glittering footprints of the angels, as they sparkle all along thy pathways of Heaven.

In these grand and beautiful visions to open before us, we may even realize that it is good to use earth's tools, that to treat the materialities of creation may bring the real communion.

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NOVEMBER 6, 1869.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
MEDIA; OR THE CHARMED LIFE.
 A Story of Fact, Phenomena and Mystery.

BY GEORGE SOMERVILLE.

CHAPTER I.

"Facts are strange, stranger than fiction." "Coming events cast their shadows before."

It was near noon, and in the midst of the charming season of an Indian autumn—a peddler, with his well-filled pack upon his back, turned into the nearly ordered lane, lined on either side with unbarred shade trees, and leading up to a beautiful mansion a mile distant; the grounds surrounding which were tastefully arranged and kept, dotted here and there with trees and shrubbery, and a lawn, in the sun, spirits everywhere."

Lady Clarendon, a seeing medium, and being enroute, the startling vision of the threatening dagger overpowered her. She sank on a sofa exhausted. "A pressur shuddered through the walls."

"Tray has the S-er said, 'Your young men shall dream dreams, and your young women shall see visions.'

CHAPTER II.

THE PLOT THICKENS—MYSTERY.

On the Northern line of Kensington, the low two and a half storied house, kept as a haven by one Caleb Seigle, a little less than a quarter of a century ago, still stands; though during these eventful years change, rapid change, has passed her busy wain of transformation over quite all parts of our improving city.

Some three years subsequent to the incidents of our previous chapter, a well-dressed man entered the school of St. John's establishment, and drawing his aside, showed him some documents, a letter in his hand. Opening and narrowing its contents, he slightly inclined his head and significantly said, "Yes, sir; all right."

"You will grant me an interview, privately, if you please; the note informs you of my situation," the stranger remarked.

They entered a room on the second floor, and he continued—

"You p-ceive, Mr. Seigle, I am pursued by the officers of the G-overnment for an imputed crime. I wish now to be concealed for a short time. Provide me, therefore, with secure private lodgings until the storm has blown away, and then you shall be handsomely rewarded."

"Yes sir, I will do all I can for you, sir," said Seigle, smiling at the prospect of a brilliant reward.

The stranger now cast off his cloak, and disclosed to the Jew's great surprise, a beautiful child asleep.

"This is my boy; he has had a sleeping position giving him. Watch his return to consciousness in my absence, and about midnight I will return. I do not wish to excite suspicion; you will therefore please be ready to receive me quietly."

Signifying his consent, Seigle conducted the stranger to the door, and the gentleman continued—

"I will be here at twelve, precisely; by these rays you will know it is I."

He entered the street, and Seigle turned and gave the sleeping child to his wife, with direction to await its awakening.

As he re-entered his saloon, one of the company present, more inquisitive than others, inquired "who the fair stranger was?"

An acquaintance has recommended him here to accommodate in," answered Seigle.

Another youth of the company now left the place, muttering to himself: "Some mystery here! I shall see farther into it."

At twelve, agreeable to appointment, the stranger returned, and was admitted noiselessly by Seigle; he had another call, a little girl of two years—like the other, also asleep. Bang seated, he said:

"These, Mr. Seigle, are my children, I love them dearly, and when I depart I must take them with me. For the present you will please show me a bed, I am weary and need rest."

He was now conducted to a comfortable couch, and the Jew—let it be left—the room, he saw the gentleman place on the table a small box.

"That contains valuable," he muttered as he left the room. "I must possess it."

Two hours rolled away, and the stranger had retired to rest, while the avaricious Jew, who could not sleep for his base design on the unsuspecting man, paced his own room impatiently. Suddenly he stopped short. "I'll attempt it," he muttered, and the next instant he stole from the apartment with a stealthy step. Reaching the entrance of the gentleman's room after listening a moment, he quickly tried the door, which yielded, it was unlocked. Entering, he found the man fast asleep, passed the light before his eyes, the stranger moved not.

The fiend drew a dirk, reminding us of the Somare Shadow in the country house. Placing the light on the table, he commenced searching for the box of treasure. Several minutes elapsed, and he was still unable to find it. Grasping his dirk tightly, he now examined the sleeper more closely, and at length discovered the object of his search concealed. Eagerly seizing it, the gentleman partially awoke, and the murderous Jew fearing detection, thrust his weapon into the breast of his victim, who gave a slight groan, and all was again quiet, while the assassin and robber hastily retreated to his own room with his ill-gotten treasure.

"There is a Divinity that shapes our destiny, our ends, rough hem as we may."

"Jehovah is my guide," the plaintive Jew replied, baring his head and bowing as he spoke the angust name held in reverence by this suffering people.

"Slipping o'er the tiny pebble, you fall—into my arms."

"Yaw—thangs—thangs."

"A very small thing, yet a part of the great Universe: the throwing off, or an atom, of the outworking of the Great Spirit. Matter—matter unorganized, cold, hard, and chilling to the touch. But see, here is a beautiful flower, reaching and plucking it from the parent stem; how lovely to the sight, how grateful to the smell! It, too, is matter—matter organized."

"But list to the delicious melody of that pretty bird, as he sways in the fragrant air on yonder bough, pouring forth his happy song, so blithesome and free, in sweet gratitude to the giver of all life."

"That sweet singer, the beautiful bird, is matter—matter organized, matter vocal. Wonder and admiration! O thou great Spirit! in wisdom thou hast made them all."

The Jew bowed his head. The unknown sped away, remarking he should ride to town, to day, therefore must make haste to catch the stage, which was just then approaching.

The wonderstricken Jew gazed after him, and at length murmured: "Crazy, wild all his much knowledge. If he would exchange, like could make chent pre cent on his golt watch."

"Humph! well; must see what's to make in de house."

He concluded as he seized his pack, and directed his steps towards the door of the mansion, the owner of which had just departed.

The peddler's summons was soon answered, and he insisted on seeing the mistress. He began at once to open his pack, so that when the lady appeared, a large array of varied goods and nick-nacks greeted her, while the vendor stood a little removed, with bland smile and spreading hands, directing her favorable attention towards his attractive wares.

Her ladyship glanced over him, and then over the goods, and remarked: "Well, Caleb, your pack is full, and pretty, to day." Then lifting her eyes to the Jew, as he stood obscurely in the broad sunlight admitted through the open door, she partially receded, and continued, "But, Sir, you bring strange company to day."

"Aheen, maybe—I see nothin' strange in my being known."

"Of course not, but your name is Caleb Seigle, is it not?"

"Well—yea."

"Three years since you resided in the suburbs of this city, at Kensington."

"And if I did," the startled Jew exclaimed,

resolving from the singular and free speech of the stranger.

To be continued.

SPEAKER'S REGISTER.

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY EVERY WINTER.

[To be useful, this should be reliable. Therefore we have Lecturers promptly notify us of changes whenever they occur. This column is intended for Lectures only, and it is so rapidly increasing in numbers that we are compelled to restrict it to the single address having particularities to be learned by special correspondence with the individual.]

J. Madison Allen will lecture in Terre Haute, Ind., six months from May 1st—Anderson 547.

Harrison Angier, Calais, Clinton Co., Iowa.

C. Fannie Allard, Stowmarket, Mass.

Mr. N. N. W. Andrews, trance speaker, Delton, Wis.

Mr. M. K. Anderson, trance speaker, Taunton, Mass., P. 948 45.

Miss Anna Abbott, developing medium, 121 south Clark-street.

Barrett Avery, M. D., 191 South Clark Street, Chicago, Lecturer on Laws of Life, Temperance, and Reform and Progressive subjects.

Charles A. Andrus, Flushing, Mich.

J. G. Atlee, Springfield, Mass.

Dr. A. T. Atlee, Address box 201, Rochester, N. Y.

Miss Anna E. Atlee, 147 West Washington-street, Chicago.

James M. Barnes, New Castle, Indiana.

J. C. Bass, Baker, Editor of the Spiritualist Janesville, Wis.

Wm. Bass, 103 South Clark St., Chicago.

A. P. Bassett, Jayfield, Michigan.

Rev. J. O. Barrett, Oconomowoc, Wisconsin.

Dr. J. K. Bailey, 201 LaPorte Ind.

Dr. H. H. Ballou, 103 North Clark Street, Chicago.

Dr. Wm. A. Barnes, 18 Spring street, East Cambridge, Mass.

Mr. P. Brown, St. Johnsbury Center, Vt.

Mrs. H. F. M. Brown, P. O. Box 2056, Chicago, Ill.

Mr. E. F. Jay Burleson, 161 West 12th street, New York.

Miss Nellie C. Brigham, Lily Grove, Colorado.

Mr. M. A. C. Brown, Address, West Randolph, Vt.

Addie L. Ballou, Address, Chicago, care of Katharine Publishing Journal.

Wm. Bryan, Address box 35, Canada, P. O., Mich.

M.C. Bout, inspirational speaker, Address, Almond, Wis.

J. H. Bickford, Charlottetown, Massachusetts.

John Corwin Five Corners, New York.

Mr. G. S. Cole, 735 Broadway, New York.

Dean Clark, Permanent address, 24 Wauwatosa street, Lowell, Mass.

Mr. Cowen, St. Charles, Ill.

Rev. A. T. Currier, Address box 815 Lowell, Mass.

H. T. Child, M. D., 651 Race St., Philadelphia, Pa.

J. F. Cooley, M. D., Address box 1314 Ottawa, Ill.

E. C. Child, Inspirational Speaker, Camp Point Adams Co.

Mr. Dr. Wm. Crane, P. O. Box 105, Elkhart, Ind.

Mr. H. C. Carpenter, Address care of Banner of Light Boston, Mass.

Mr. A. H. Colby, Trance Speaker, Pennvile, Jay Co. Ind.

Dr. J. R. Doty, Stockton, Ill.

Miss Jessie Doten, Address Pavillion, 52 Tremont-street Boston, Mass.

Henry J. Durbin, Permanent address, Cardington, Ohio.

George Dutson, M. D., Rutland, Vt.

A. T. Foss, Manchester, N. H.

J. Andrew Jackson Davis can be addressed at Orange, N. J.

Mr. C. DeLancy, trance speaker, Quincy, Mass.

N. S. Greenleaf, Lowell, Mass.

Isaac P. Greenleaf, Address for the present 82 Washington-street, Chelsea, Mass., or elsewhere.

R. Graves, author of "Biography of Satan." Address Richmond, Ind.

Laura De Force Gordon, will lecture in the State of Nevada till further notice, Permanent address, Treasure City.

Sister Mrs. H. G. Gould, 102 Elmwood Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Dr. L. P. Griggs, Address Cedar Falls, Iowa.

R. D. Goodwin, lecturer, Kirkwood, Mo.

O. B. Huntington, Mayo Mania, Wis.

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Miss Julia J. Hubbard, Address, Clinton street, Boston.

Mr. S. A. Horton, 24 Washington street, Lowell, Mass.

Miss Nellie Hayden, A bldg. No. 29 Wilmot street, Worcester, Massachusetts.

More Hull, Hobart, Lake County, Ind.

Mr. F. O. Hyatt, 122 E. Madison street, Baltimore, Md.

Dr. A. H. Hunt will receive calls to lecture Sundays Cold Water, Michigan.

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Dr. Wm. Jones, Lecturer, Heater, Clairvoyant.

Address him in care of this Office, Room 8, 192 South Clark Street.

Dr. G. W. Kirby, speaker. Address this office.

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C. R. Lynn, inspirational speaker, Sturgis, Mich.

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G. W. Morris, Jr., Address Boston, Mass.

Miss Hannah Morse, Joliet, Will County, Ill.

Miss Antoinette Middlebrook, box 778, Bridgeport, Conn.

J. W. Matthes, Hippowood, Illinois.

Charles S. Marsh, Address, Winona, Winona Co., Wis.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Miller, Elmira, N. Y., care of W. H. Hatch.

Mrs. E. Marquand, Trance and inspirational speaker, 128 South Third Street, Williamsburg, Long Island, N. Y.

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Dr. J. M. Munn, Campton, Ill.

Prof. R. C. McCord, Centralia, Ill.

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Mrs. S. Nash, healing medium, Dearborn, Mich.

C. Norwood, Ottawa, Ill.

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O. S. Poston, 114 South 6th street, Room 2, Philadelphia.

J. H. Priest, Berlin Wisconsin.

Mrs. Harriet E. Pope, Merrimack, N. H.

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Mrs. Piumbi, Clairvoyant, 63 Russell St., Charlestown, Mass.

J. H. Potts, Terre Haute, Ind.

Miss Nettie M. Posse, trance speaker, New Albany, Ind.

Mrs. Anna M. L. Potts, M. D., lecturer, Adrian, Mich.

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A. C. Robinson, Salem, Mass.

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Mrs. Louisa Smith, Medium of Whitemarsh, communications Monroeville, Pa.

Austin St. John, Address Woodstock, Vt.

Mr. and Mrs. S. K. Stetson, 100 Franklin street, Portland, Me.

Mr. N. H. Swain, Union Lake, Erie Co., Minn.

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Communications from the Inner Life.

We shall give His singular charge concerning these.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Communication Given Through the Medi-

umship of Mrs. Mary C. Morris, New

York City, Thursday, Sept. 23, 1869.

We are ever ready to fight for truth, justice and right. We are drumming up recruits; we have beat to quarters; we have called the roll; we are ready to fall into the ranks, to fight for those who are oppressed in the peace.

The next day after this communication was given (Friday, Sept. 24) by the great Wall street gold fluctuation occurred, and made the business community tremble from center to circumference.

On Wednesday, Sept. 29, the beautiful Indian girl, Sunshine, gave us following communication through the Spirit medium, which taken in connection with the above, ought help bring interesting to the readers of the JOURNAL, and especially so to those who know that the JOURNAL (Sunshine) never speaks falsely, and is very seldom mistaken.

COMMUNICATION.

The conditions brought about by the Wall street excitement will be immensely to the advantage of the mass—better times will now come. Money will be more plenty and easier procured.

There will be a new impulse to business, and those who are engaged in it will feel more secure.

Even the little ragged children on the street will hold the shining down in their hand, and with almost a feeling of worship, as they clutch their little fingers, not daring even to trust it in their pocket—they are proud and happy. Their poor half-clad mothers will also receive a share, as well as the poor laborer, who bears the burden and heat of the day.

Those who have been looking forward to an approaching winter with fear and trembling, for fear those dependent upon them would suffer for the necessities of life, will be relieved; they will have the wherewithal to provide food and raiment for their wives and little ones, and food to drive away the gnawings of hunger. Men who have looked to the right and left and could see nothing but dark clouds looming up before them, see steps by which they can easily surmount the difficulties that look to be mountains in their way. Those gamblers who have brought this ruin on themselves, have been crushing the poor, grinding them into the earth, and trampling them under their feet. But now the "tables are turned." They know now something of the feelings of those to whom they have brought ruin and desolation. Little pity do they get from us!

This has all been brought about by spirit power. For years, the intelligences from the spheres were watching every word, every act, every movement toward freeing your back brother and sisters held captive in this country. At last, this was accomplished.

Since the time we have been trying to lead the world under its desolating hand. But now, as in the case of some chronic disease, we have thought best to let it remain for a time, and turn our attention to the inner affairs of the country. And so we have undertaken this work of relieving the necessities of this terrible yoke of bondage that has oppressed them so long.

A powerful band of spirits gathered about the "cold circle" in Wall street, and urged those gamblers in human happiness on in their work, adding up to their view bright pictures of untold wealth.

Another strong band of intelligent spirits were with the government officials inspiring them to throw the firebrand of destruction into their midst just at the proper moment. A little, and only a little, of the result you now see, but more, vastly more, is yet to come. This move will not only reach the utmost extremity of this country, but it will also reach the old world, and all the civilized nations will feel its effects. Then there will be much greater harmony and peace throughout the world.

The North and South will be drawn nearer together than ever before since the shavery question has been agitated, and peace and good feeling will reign throughout this whole land.

This will be accomplished much sooner than you now think it possible. It is much easier to pull one foot out of the mire after the other is set on good ground, than when they are both submerged.

The medium then described the following vision:

"I see an innumerable army of spirits in line of march, passing to the right and left, encircling the whole world and meeting at a central point."

When they meet, they cordially greet each other by shaking hands, and there is such rejoicing, as has never been witnessed on this plane of existence.

This army is composed of all nations. At the point of meeting there is a platform, and on it are the leaders of society, of both church and state, and they say to the multitude, as they pass the stand, 'We are no better than you; we are willing to change places with you any time; you are just as exalted in the eyes of our Father God as we.'

I hear many voices say, 'Thank God that I have lived to see this day.'

I see one riding upon a powerful white horse, and he is addressing the multitude, urging them to higher aims in life, and to cultivate a spirit of union and peace.

This is the spirit of one who has been a great warrior on the earth plane, and is now working with this army for peace, harmony and good will for mankind. Such rejoicing, such happiness and thanksgiving never was witnessed on earth before!"

Sunshine then said:

"This is all the war I see in the future of this country. Many think there will be a bloody war. We had to fight a great battle to bring this condition into the present development, but it has been a bloody fight—so it will continue to be, as I see it this time."

I will here state that during this communication, I never saw the look of triumph more plainly pictured on the face of the warrior, after a complete victory, than was on the face of the imum."

Yours for truth and progression,

P. C. MILLA.

WM. CHURCH.

Wonderful Physical Manifestations—Star

Lights—Spirits Assume a Tangible form

and Speak in Audible Tones.

LETTER FROM N. H. YOUNT.

BRO. JONES.—Inclosed you will find the money due you for my paper. Please continue to send it.

Dr. Church and lady were here at the house of a friend. I was a witness at their seances two evenings. Two sceptics tied him and tacked the straps to the floor—then ran sealing wax over the knots and where it was tacked; locked the door and fastened army blankets over the windows. After we were all seated, the accordion, two small bells and two bones were laid on the floor, and then the light was extinguished. It was intensely hot for a very short time, then there came a wind, causing many to catch their breath. All exclaimed, "How wonderful! It was a clear, moonlight evening—very calm out of doors.

Nimwakie, the child, stamped on the floor, to let us know he was present. The little spirit Saxis girl went around the circle, kissed many, and played the accordion and bells very sweetly. Two sceptics held Mrs. Church's hands during the seance.

The second evening, the manifestations were much better. The child gave us some very good tests, so did the little Saxis girl. During the first, a star appeared at the top of the ceiling and slowly came down; another formed near it, then both kept time with the music and went round and round the room as quick as thought. The Saxis girl put her arms around the neck and shoulders of several in the room, and had a kind word and good advice for all. I don't believe well, she said, "Sister, I will give you treatment." She did so—I have felt better since. She drew my head over on her shoulder, and kissed me several times. A little spirit that called himself Jimmy, gave the names of some of our friends that passed away years ago, whom no one there knew. He said they were present. Jimmy took a piece of candle from one person present, and put it in my hand. He took a "candy kiss" from man present, and read the verse enclosed correctly.

REMARKS.—From our own experience we can testify to the fact that Bro. Wm. Church is one of the very best mediums for physical and mental manifestations. We know whereof we speak and feel to sympathize deeply for him. His persecutions, even by Spiritualists, have been severe, and caused him to shrink from appearing before audiences that might be greatly benefited by his mediumship.

Be bold and faithful, my Brother, and the JOURNAL will ever defend you in the right.

THE MYSTICS.

An Evening with the Davenport Brothers.

"All off this have been made times without number to expose the so-called spiritual manifestations of the Davenport Brothers, these remarkable men continue in all their original mystery of character and performance. While one's better judgment repels the idea of any supernatural agency in the astounding developments, he is at the same time forced into the conviction that they and their authors partake of some thing far above the common principle of mechanism. In whatever their *dislike* may ultimate, the Davenport Brothers, are destined to hold a foremost place in the wizard annals of this century. Their scenes at Weisiger Hall, the present week, have undergone the most critical tests before large and intelligent audiences. Especially this was the case on Wednesday evening, an occasion of which we desire to speak somewhat extended.

THE CARNIVAL SEANCE.

Persons who have not attended these exhibitions will perhaps be interested in knowing in the first place that the apparatus employed by the Davenports, consists of a cabinet made of black walnut, about eight feet high, six feet wide and two feet deep, and so constructed that it may be folded into quite a small space for convenient transportation. This cabinet is provided with bars at each end and the like, which serve as seats for the two brothers and any third party who may be invited to sit with them during their "spiritual entertainments." Musical instruments—various kinds, such as violin, guitar, tambourine and bells, are hung upon the walls or strung upon the seats or floating of the cabinet. The mysterious article of furniture with its contents rests upon three iron castings about one foot and a half high, and is located in the middle of the stage. On Wednesday evening Capt. B. W. Jenkins and Capt. Robt. Gilchrist were selected by the audience to inspect the appliances, the mediums, and superintend the whole proceedings. These gentlemen made a searching examination of the cabinet and its accessories, spending not less than fifteen minutes in that way, and reported that they were satisfied there was nothing deceptive about the apparatus to be used. The Davenport Brothers then came forward, clothed in the prevailing styles of black dress suits. After submitting to a careful search of persons, they were pinioned in limb and body by Messrs. Jenkins and Gilchrist in full view of the house. Twenty minutes were consumed in the process of tying. Jenkins brought to bear all his genius in bridling and harnessing refractory horses, while Gilchrist availed himself of all the knotty knowledge he had acquired during his sailor life. As a consequence more cord was used, and the Davenports were bound in a greater complication of knots than ever before. On taking their seats within the cabinet, the brothers were securely roped about the legs and feet, and then fastened down to the seat and to the side of the cabinet. Thus they were immovable and could not possibly be released by one another, in the opinion of the committee of two. In this firmly interlocked condition the brothers were shut up in the cabinet. The doors had scarcely closed when the instruments began thumping and the bells jingling. As the dim increased human hands were exposed to the popular gaze through the small diamond-shaped aperture above the center door of the cabinet. The instruments, too, were suddenly thrown at the opening, and some of them thrust out upon the stage. When the doors were opened, the brothers were closely examined and found to be sitting perfectly still. Again the doors were closed, but before one of them had fairly shut, and while Capt. Jenkins was in the act of fastening the latch on the inside, he was snatched on the head by a hand, which was distinctly seen by every one in the house. A similar incident happened to Capt. Gilchrist. This was the most inexplicable of all the feats, as the Davenports, tightly bound in their places, could be seen at the moment, by the parties stricken. The committee made expert and amusing endeavours to seize the hands as they appeared at the port-holes in the cabinet. In their frantic efforts to grasp the spirit hands, the worthy committee frequently tore away the curtain hung over the little window, admitting the light and stopping the manifestations. When the doors were open the third time, it was announced that the Davenports were suffering from the tightness with which they had been tied, and would have to be unloosed. For this purpose the cabinet doors were shut, and in eight minutes by the watch the mysterious twins stepped out wholly unfastened. The committee examined the cords and testified that they had not been cut nor otherwise tampered with. The brothers re-entered the cabinet, and in less than five minutes they were revealed in a state of double and twisted knotting, wholly unlike, and much more secure than that contrived by the committee. In this situation they were shut in and instantly the same musical sounds and appearances began, and were kept up for several minutes. By general request, Rev. W. H. Platt, the rector of Calvary church, entered the cabinet.

Taking a seat facing the audience and between the brothers, Mr. Platt placed his right hand upon the shoulder of one of the Davenports and his left hand upon the knee of the other, to prevent their moving without his knowledge. As soon as the doors were closed, the same musical racket commenced and went on longer and more noisily than before. When the cabinet opened, Mr. Platt was discovered with a tambourine on his reverend crown and the other instruments upon his lap and about his feet. He still kept his hands upon the

brothers, nor did he relinquish his hold until he had mentioned the cords and other features within the cabinet. Mr. D. assured the audience that the transaction was too marvelous for his understanding. He was convinced that the brothers had not moved while he remained between them, and said he could offer no solution of the engine. The audience laughed immoderately at the reverend doctor when he came out of the miniature pandemonium, and some one bawled out, "Was you scared?" He confessed that his sensations were decidedly queer during the ordeal, but he wasn't scared. Nextly, flur by the supernal was put into the clenched hands of the Davenports, as they sat bound like Prometheus, and in five minutes afterward they walk upon the stage with no vestige of a cord about their limbs, and the flour remaining in their fists as it had been left there by the committee. This final act in the cabinet scene left no room for any one present to doubt that the Davenports are "devilish" clever magicians, to say the least.

THE DARK SEANCE.

At the conclusion of the cabinet wonder Professor Fay, spokesman for the whole spiritualistic combination, stated that the hall itself, would be converted into a cabinet, so to speak, for the purpose of giving what is called a dark seance, and that but a limited number of persons could be accommodated with tickets at the modest price of twenty-five cents each. About one-third of the audience bought tickets and remained to see the second exhibition. The windows of the hall were draped with heavy curtains and all the doors tightly closed. A small oblong table, laden with musical instruments, and flanked by two chairs, stood in the middle of the stage and in front of the drop-curtain. At each end of the stage, near the curtain, were placed two chairs. These were occupied by Mr. W. W. Morris and one of the Davenports on one side and by Mr. Platt and one of the Davenport party on the other, the object being for the two citizens to note that the two seancers did not aid in producing the expected wonders, and to guard the curtain entrances against any confederates that might lurk behind the scenes. Professor Fay and one of the Davenports filled the chairs on each side of the table.

The forces being thus disposed, Professor Fay announced that, in order to elude the sights proposed, the seitors must j in hands and restrain from all indecorous questions and noises. Those unwilling to comply with this requirement were politely requested to withdraw from the hall. No-body retired. Everything being ready, the lights were put out and total darkness reigned. In a second the instruments commenced dancing on the table, rattling up and down over the stage, and when the gas was lighted, fallen stars, tambourines and bells were scattered in all directions about the floor, and Fay and his companion were lashed hard and fast to their chairs. As invited, Mr. Platt and Mr. Morris applied molten wax to the inextricable knots and stamped them with a private mark. Then they placed beneath the feet of the two men sheets of paper, upon which they drew outlines of the soles and left articles upon each of the soles. All this to test whether or not the mediums remained stationary in the dark. Immediately on the lights being extinguished, the guitars, etc., having been rubbed with phosphorus, jumped up into space and performed series of curious evolutions, pluming in the deep darkness so like many jack-o'-lanterns. Some of the witnesses pretended to be changed from "glory to glory" without limit. Friends recognize each other but cannot enjoy mutual intercourse, unless they are on the same plane; this forms one of the strongest motive powers, to the lower circles, to aspire upward, that they may mix with those loved and respected on earth; and as the higher spirits occupy themselves, heart and soul, in the task of elevating their fellow beings, and know so much better how to set about it than mundane philanthropists, the multitudes, ignorant and perverted by the inharmonious conditions of earth life, have a much better chance of rising than they had here. The occupations of men in their fleshly state, are but a faint shadow of the infinite variety of employments which carry off the never-ending education of the spheres. The little child's delightful anticipations of having "to sit forever on a damp cloud singing" is sometimes figured in the woodcuts of Sunday school books, and the equally monotonous and unsatisfactory way of passing existence spoken of in popular pulpits, as contemplating the divine services of the gaudy millions on "a lamb as it had been slain," are declared to be the abominations of diseased imagination only; the spiritual life, on the contrary, being busy, hopeful, ambitious, giving scope for unbounded and unwearying energies.

The care and education of the countless little ones constantly leaving the earth sphere is represented as forming an important part of the celestial. These little ones are trained in groups or divisions according to their age and capacity, under the guardianship of those who in the mortal state were wise and loving mothers, or motherly affectionate natures suited to the task. They are taught on a system which secures their present happiness, as well as the unfoldment of all their powers, and as their parents or relatives arrive from earth, they are made over to their care, if worthy of the charge, and desirous to undertake it; otherwise their offspring continue still at a distance, the immutable laws of affinity, or association of similar natures, obtaining ascendancy in this, as in all other cases.

A. J. Davis, a celebrated medium, has established in New York, and various other cities in the United States, educational establishments called "Children's Lyceums," coaxed as far as possible, from whom he saw in trace, of those angel children's schools. The New York one has been working for five years, and is said to answer remarkably well. In regard to the much vexed question of bible inspiration, their theory is simple and intelligible. They look on the book as a record of past spiritual manifestations, most valuable, not only for the moral teachings to be found scattered up and down its pages, as a proof that God has given witness to the divine origin of the book.

In a former article we give an outline of the new faith called Spiritualism; more especially of the means through which it is spread, viz., signs and wonders, which are supposed to convey proof to each individual consciousness; the knowledge, not of the faith, that human beings "out of the form" hold inter-areas with those in it.

We now propose to sketch briefly, the doctrine which Spiritualism appeals from the sanctions which testify to them. Its vital principle (as its believers) is the paramount dignity and importance of humanity, that the relationship between God and man is that of parent and child, which truly was the central idea of Christ's teaching, yet only dimly recognized by the churches professing to follow in His footsteps, being smothered under the weight of a mass of dogmas, in great measure, a compound of notions from still older religions. These religions represent God as having created man for his own glory, making him the slave of vice, ceremonies, and institutions for the same purpose. Jesus reversed this unnatural order, anticipated man from slavery to these, and made him master, letting him in Sabbath, rites, forms and institutions, to be used at his own discretion, while he felt the need of them, and rejected or modified as he found them unsatisfactory. He presented God as doing all things for man's sake, while, like any wise father, encouraging the use of the child's own judgment, and leaving much to be learned by the mistakes, as well as by the success, leaving him to use them while they interested and helped to educate him and to discard them when the mind expanded with larger desires. In short, the vital principle of His religion was naturalistic individualism as opposed to supernaturalistic institutionalism. This being the case, the Spiritual philosophy looks with tolerance and tenderness on all the various developments of man's religious sentiment, as but the legitimate result of the soul's aspirations after the divine and true, and much more especially of kindly regard and sympathy, than of the haughty authoritarian power, and the tendency to accept the voice of the majority instead of exercising one's own reasoning faculties, which renders spiritual progress impossible; only these two forms of error are to be resisted, and that to the uttermost.

They declare that Truth continues to be crucified between two thieves, Authority and Popularity! They, therefore, would hold out the right hand of fellowship to all the children of their common Father and consider the most brotherly brother to be the most acceptable to that Father, and love to be the only chain that binds together His family.

External punishment is of course an exploded dogma; and it is noticed, as a coincidence, that doubt, distrust and dread, commence with the same letter as damnation and the devil, which are to be ignored together; while light, labor, learning, liberality and liberty, have the same initial as

love, and "G-d" is *Love!*" While giving up this monstrous lie on the Creator, they recognize man's moral accountability, and the retribution, fixed and inevitable, attending on every infraction on the rule of right, but maintain, at the same time, that this punishment is corrective and temporary, and that the most degraded and sin-stained soul is destined, in the endless stages of existence, to develop and progress upward. In other words, that the most inharmonious spirit will ultimately have its faculties harmonized, which state, fully matured is Heaven: not a mere place of refuge from suffering and selfish joy at having escaped the wrath of God, but a condition into which right-living, right doing, right loving, can at once place it. The theory of the vulgar, that at death the soul passes at once into one of two unchangeable states, either of happiness or misery, is altogether disproved by the returning witness, a theory which communal sense shows to be illusory, with external evidence, seeing the infinite shades of character possessed by those who daily pass death's portals, and their infinite diversity of capacities and opportunities. Indeed, though taught *pro forma*, as one of the tenets of orthodoxy, where is the Christian of any intelligence who does not find some fault with it? Virtually, it accepts the testimony of the aforementioned witnesses to agree with the theory of the infinite shades of character possessed by those who daily pass death's portals, and their infinite diversity of capacities and opportunities. Indeed, though taught *pro forma*, as one of the tenets of orthodoxy, where is the Christian of any intelligence who does not find some fault with it? 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Frontier Department

BY E. V. WILSON.

Notice to Correspondents and Others.

All letters, papers and matter for us or the Frontier Department, must be addressed to E. V. Wilson, Lombard, DuPage county, Illinois.

We speak in Michigan every night during October.

Detroit, Michigan.

Here we are, dear readers, in the old city of Detroit. After a ride of 24 miles at lightning speed, on the fast train of the Michigan Central Railroad, occupying eight and a half hours, including stoppages, eleven in number, averaging five minutes at the very least, leaving seven and a half hours actual traveling time, making about thirty-eight miles an hour. Only think of a ball weighing seventy-five tons, flying through the air at the rate of thirty-eight miles an hour, and you will have some idea of our condition, sitting in the splendid car of this superior railroad. The motion was easy and the ride a pleasant one. There was a double acting motion in the car that we never felt before—it was a horizontal and perpendicular tremble combined. We felt it in every nerve, and there was a language in it, not to be misunderstood. It said, "I am a fast-motion—Dexter is nowhere compared with me. Be not afraid, for if my driver knows his business and holds me well in hand, I will carry you safely to your destination at the rate of one thirty-six," and we resignedly put ourselves ("the gentle E. V. Wilson," pardon us, into the hands of the railroad agent, and sped on our way to entertain "a nice society," for five Sundays.

Well, at 8 o'clock, we found ourselves in Detroit—eight hours and thirty minutes from Chicago. Twenty-six years ago this very fall, we made this same journey from Detroit to Chicago on foot, and were ten days in accomplishing it. Detroit was then the largest city. We were then unknown to the world, a day laborer, and engaged as a hostler in the old New York House, then situated on Lake street, Ninth street, between La Salle and Wells streets. Times have changed since then, dear readers; we are older now, yet still living, moving much faster, for we are nearer God today, than twenty-six years ago, and the nearer we approach to Him, the faster we go and the wiser we become.

We find a conservative element in Detroit, not felt in Chicago or St. Louis. Spiritualism is more organic here than in Chicago, and we were greeted on Sunday morning with a good house, and in the evening the home was full, and our meeting was a great success. We gave some new tests that were at once recognized.

NUMBER ONE.

Adige General John E. Swaine came, gave his name and was fully identified from description of his person.

NUMBER TWO.

A charming little girl, came and stood by a relative, and was identified.

NUMBER THREE.

Governor Grapé came, presented himself, and we described him so minutely that the audience said this is our late Governor Grapé.

NUMBER FOUR.

A soldier came and stood by a man. We described him minutely, and the man informed us and others that it was correct in every particular, and this stranger was so deeply interested, that he followed us to our home, concerning on the soul's future. We gave four readings of character to entire strangers, and they testified to their correctness. Our debut here has been a sneeze—we anticipated a good time in Detroit, and we had it.

There is a good thing—too good to be lost in our hands, in regard to our lecture by one Choat, a protege of our Compt. to Tredezzon. We shall give it to our readers when the spirit moves the gentle Wilson to do so. And now we must close and send this to the U. S. M. To-morrow, we leave for Nunda on Grand River, Michigan, from which place you will hear from us again.

[The above should have appeared last week, but was overlooked. ED. JOURNAL.]

Our Position on Reform Questions.

We are for reform, consequently intend to continue to be a thorough reaper here through full life, and in the other life, too, so far as we have the power to think.

We are in favor of universal suffrage without distinction of color or sex, based on educational qualifications. "If we were President of these United States," we would, in a special message, advise Congress to legislate on this subject as follows:

WOMAN.

The Convocation—Action of Prominent Men.

LETTER FROM MRS. H. N. GREEN.

DEAR SIR:—I heartily thank you for the good words you speak of the Woman's Suffrage Convocation, held recently in your city, in the Journal of the 18th ult. The many acts of talent displayed at that meeting must have commended itself to every thoughtful mind, and silenced brainless critics, who like owls, sit in judgment upon the morning light.

The signs of the times are cheering. A hopeful day is dawning, and woman, inspired by new impulses and powers, is rising out of the narrow sphere which man has assigned her, into the broad fields of knowledge, usefulness, and, I may say, statesmanship. The most pitiful and deplorable obstacle which meet the earnest workers in this good cause, are the listlessness, apathy and ignorance which prevail among women themselves. I am often amazed when I hear some women of fair culture, talk on the subject of woman's suffrage. They say "we have all the rights we want." This very expression indicates how little they know of the laws and customs which ensnare them.

I was glad to hear you say that "the press, that sneaks behind a cover, or invades attack upon a congress of the noblest women in our land, must be conducted by some poor devil" who would abuse his own mother."

I only yesterday that I read a most miserable article from a country editor, on woman's being "out of her sphere," which she attempted to help make the laws which govern her. The article in question showed how little the writer knew of the great question itself, agitating the people of this, and of foreign lands. When such men as John Stuart Mills of England, Wendell Phillips, Henry Ward Beecher, and Wm. L. Garrison, etc. of this country, strongly advocate suffrage for woman, the low blackguard of a superficial editor does not amount to much.

Eight: Make woman eligible to any office in the gift of the people. Let her occupy the holy place of office from the President to the postmaster. If Egland is proud of her Victoria and queen, and justify us, why not America be proud of Mrs. President. Anna Dickinson is better qualified to be President of these United States to day than John Tyler, Millard Fillmore or Andrew

Johnson, and Mrs. E. Cady Stanton would make a better senator than Ross or Salisbury.

These statements will place us before the people on our record, and we "intend to fight it out on this line," if it takes us our natural life time.

Freedom of speech, freedom of thought, freedom of the press, and the right to worship God after the dictates of the soul in its individual nature, is the just fruit of republican principles.

Let us have freedom to do the right—not license to do the wrong.

We recognize no law as obligatory and binding on us that deprives our sister woman of privileges that we enjoy. Then let us have universal suffrage.

Our Engagement in Michigan.

NO THREE.

On Thursday, October 7th, after lecture, we went home with Brother Spencer, Sister Pearson accompanying us. After a little our influences came, when the following interesting facts were given. First, by Mrs. P., we saw a beautiful girl standing, who had been in the Spirit World many years—tall twenty. We described her carefully and gave the name of Laura. Mrs. P. was much surprised; I named the Spirit as an old friend and schoolmate of her girlhood days, and the daughter of a Methodist Minister. This was an interesting test, and the Spirit held in her hand an exquisite little bouquet of beautiful flowers from the garden of the Summer-land, and holding them out to Sister P., spoke in beautiful language of by-gone days and of future reunions in the Summer-land.

O This blessed, immortality! This actual knowledge of our immortality, how grand the thought that we shall live forever, and all the old relatives and incidents of our earthly life talked over in our Spirit homes!

We turned to Mrs. Spencer, and said there stands by you a sailor, fully describing him. His arms are bare, and on the right one there is tattooed a brig in full sail on a rough sea; under it we see the letters "H. C. M., 1849." This spirit says that he sailed with you on a brig in 1851, and that in the fall of the year you had the foretopsail carried away, precipitating two men to the deck, one of them to the dock and one into the water.

Mrs. Spencer answered, "I remember the brig and the accident of carrying away the topsail yard, and the fall of the two men. The name of the brig was the Black Warrior I have a faint recollection of this man, you have described."

Soon after this there came a spirit and gave his name as Mike Fausing, stating, "I lived with Mr. Spencer a year and a half ago, and worked for him." We then fully deserved the spirit. This spirit told how he died—and when, all of which proved true.

Surely this answers the question of Job, "If a man die, shall he live again?" And settles the scepticism of Solomon, for now we know where the spirit of man goes to—the land is discovered and we know the way there, too, and all is well.

We lectured at night in a school-house, to an attentive and large audience. While lecturing there came into the room an old man who had once lived in the neighborhood, now an inhabitant of the Spirit World. We described him, but no one responded. The spirit turned to us and said, "Never mind, Mr. Medium, we will demonstrate who we are before you leave." S. J. Davis came also—one of them identified. We were assured by them that they would be. Mr. Horace Scott was then called for delineation of character, after which the audience conceded that it was perfectly correct.

Friday, October 8th, was a clear fresh morning—all nature full of joy; the autumn hue of the leaves spoke joyously, and praised God in beautiful colors as they left the parent stem and felicit the ground. We lectured at night to a full house, during which several spirits came and identified themselves and their relatives.

The old man of the night before came and went to the rear of the room, placed his hands on a large man's head, saying "This is my son William," after which we again described him. The spirit then said, "yet a little longer, William and I will take with me my earth companion, now low and prostrated in your home. You are blessed my son, in the care rendered her."

CONCLUDED NEAR WEEK.

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S. J. Davis came also—one of them identified.

We were assured by them that they would be.

Mr. Horace Scott was then called for delineation of character, after which the audience conceded that it was perfectly correct.

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LETTER FROM MRS. H. N. GREEN.

DEAR SIR:—I heartily thank you for the good words you speak of the Woman's Suffrage Convocation, held recently in your city, in the Journal of the 18th ult. The many acts of talent displayed at that meeting must have commended itself to every thoughtful mind, and silenced brainless critics, who like owls, sit in judgment upon the morning light.

The signs of the times are cheering. A hopeful day is dawning, and woman, inspired by new impulses and powers, is rising out of the narrow sphere which man has assigned her, into the broad fields of knowledge, usefulness, and, I may say, statesmanship. The most pitiful and deplorable obstacle which meet the earnest workers in this good cause, are the listlessness, apathy and ignorance which prevail among women themselves. I am often amazed when I hear some women of fair culture, talk on the subject of woman's suffrage. They say "we have all the rights we want."

This very expression indicates how little they know of the laws and customs which ensnare them.

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Original Essays.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal

DISEASE.

The Curing of Disease by Laying on of Hands, etc.

Disease may be defined "any departure from health in a function or structure, or any state of the body in which the natural functions of the organs are interrupted or deranged, either by defective or preternatural action", resulting from internal or external causes. Disease may affect the whole body, a limb, an organ, or any part of either. Defective organs, idiosyncrasies or disease, often result from impressions received by the mother while enceinte, and habits, tastes, and inclinations, etc., are often fixed in the nature of children before they see the light. Diseases are also hereditary or transmitted from parents to their children, but such diseases may often be modified, or entirely avoided, by a proper course, or change of habits in their descendants. Physical causes are the most frequent excitors of disease, and among the most common are sudden atmospheric changes from heat to cold, miasmatic exhalations and intemperance in eating as well as in drinking. Cold applied to the body, especially when the pores are open, will suppress respiration and cause irritation, which if not checked, will terminate in inflammation and its consequences. Miasmatic exhalations, when taken into the system, act as a direct poison, and if it were not that the bile rushes forward to neutralize it, death would inevitably follow.

All nervous affections are caused by peculiar conditions of the mind, and it is notorious, that seeing or even hearing that certain diseases are in the neighborhood, will often produce like disease in others, although no communication whatever has been had between the parties. But disease being present, the question is, how is it to be dissipat'd? The mind of man when properly exercised has great influence over disease, even in its normal condition, but when it is in a somnambulic state, if there be no organic destruction, I scarcely know where to limit its power, and it is only necessary for persons who are in that condition to make a firm resolution that the disease affecting them shall cease to exist when they awake, and the effect will be in due proportion to the firmness of the resolution made. Cures are often affected by throwing the diseased part into an insensible condition, and keeping it in that state until the cure is effected.

In consumptive cases, if the lungs or chest, is kept in an insensible condition, much relief is at once experienced, and in many cases a speedy cure is effected, especially if employed in the first stages of the disease. The rationale in these cases is, that while the lungs are in an insensible condition, there can be no inflammation or irritation in them; consequently the secretions become natural, absorption of the tubercles take place, and the ulcers heal. The same treatment in fevers, inflammatory rheumatism, pleurisy, and all other diseases where there is pain or excitement of any kind, is always beneficial, and generally affects radical cures, and there is nothing more certain in diseases of a nervous character. Many diseases of a chronic nature, especially chronic rheumatism, and asthma in being cured by brisk and continued friction with the hands alone.

Genuine paralysis, I think I may safely say is never cured by friction, the laying on of hands, or anything else; but there are cases which strongly resemble it, in persons who have lost the power of moving their limbs, through disease, simply because they have ceased to make the effort to do so.

These cases are supposed by some persons to be genuine paralysis, but they are not so, and are always restored if you can make them believe that you have the power to do so, or can induce them to make the effort to move. An arm that has been bandaged for six or eight weeks, can scarcely be used at all when the splints are removed, and if the necessary exertions to do so are not made, it would remain in that helpless condition. It is, therefore, imperative that the effort should be made or all the friction, or laying on of hands will have no effect, especially if there is a want of faith, which in all cases is equivalent to making the effort. In the laying on of hands, a belief or faith upon the part of the patient is necessary to the cure, and I am positive that without them or friction, no cure has ever been made. It is generally supposed that the laying on of hands imparts "animal magnetism" to the patient, but as all the phenomena, now, and powers ascribed to that imaginary fluid, can be produced, independent of any one cause, by the very patient who may be suffering from disease, I would ask, what necessity there may be for any one to impart to patients, that which they already possess, and can demonstrate or use at will? A knowledge of their powers simply, will enable them to relieve themselves, consequently there can be no "animal magnetic" fluid in the case, and as a matter of course, the laying on of hands, can be of no manner of use, unless, as I have stated, ("in persons ignorant of their powers), there is faith, or a belief upon their part that relief will follow such an operation. A patient may possess the power of entering into a somnambulic state (or, as it is here called, the "mesmeric" state, or "magnetic" condition), yet if they do not know how to direct themself while in it, no benefit will result from having been in it, but when they know that it is necessary for them to make a determined resolution when in it, that the disease, habit, or annoyance shall cease to be when they awake, it will certainly be gone when they do so, if there be no organic destruction of the parts.

I have had hundreds to relieve themselves, of many of the "ills that flesh is heir to," by throwing the diseased part into the insensible condition, and keeping it in that state as long as necessary. These are demonstrable facts, the "animal magnetic" theory, and the laying on of hands, etc., to the contrary notwithstanding.

Such spirits can, and often do influence the mind of persons, so as to effect cures, I do not doubt, but when they do so, the subject must be impressionable, or, in other words, the mind, or that portion of the body to be relieved must be in a somnambulic condition, or it will be impossible for them to control, or influence the person in any way.

W.M. B. FAUNESTOCK, M. D.

Lancaster, Oct. 9, 1869.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal

IS MAN A FREE MORAL AGENT?

Respectfully Dedicated to Truman H. Mann.

BY COLLE JAY.

I am pleased that you have placed yourself squarely in the affirmative of the above proposition or question. It places me in a position to ask questions and impose upon you the task of answering them.

In your essay published in the JOURNAL of Aug. 14th, you say that it is not strange, men should differ upon this question, "for we view

subjects from different standpoints, and have different modes of cogitation". Well, if we are morally free, why this difference? Why can not I by the simple exercise of the will, reason and weigh the evidence upon giving preference to my own ability, and to the exact limit that you do, that I may entertain the same buds of conviction which shall blossom in the same beliefs and unbeliefs? If free, can't we believe what we will?

A gain, "there are natural laws, which man may control or rather guide, by putting forth proper effort." I have supposed all natural laws to be immutable. Please inform me which of God's laws man can either control or guide. "A man may choose what house he will take as a model." Yes; ab' but must there not be houses from which he will select? Must he not have a place upon which to build his house or a contract to draft or erect one? May he not have inherited his lands or been forced to purchase, owing to the circumstance of his having become the head of a family? In fact, is he not wholly moved every moment of his existence by a train of innumerable causes to pass certain objective points; these causes or the train of causes, and their objective points—which points are ever looming up in our immediate future—being circumstances over which he has no influence, and over which he can exercise no control by the sole power of his will? Is man possessed of an independent power known as the will? "He may select the kind of seed he will sow." But why select or purchase seed of any kind? Is it not because he has prepared the interest of the soil for its reception? If man selects wheat instead of any other grain, is it not because of the adaptability of his land for wheat growing, or the profit he expects to receive from so doing, or some other cause or causes? So, "a man may choose to visit New York or San Francisco," but must there not be a New York and a San Francisco as objective points, to first cause the idea, or a desire to visit either place? Can you not call to mind a large list of causes which are so many circumstances that have their governing influence over man, not only in the special instances you mention, to illustrate your argument, but in all the minute every day transactions of all?"

You say that "so far as man acts from motives, he acts freely." "Every sane man does not act from motive; he is possessed of the power of volition, i.e., of choosing or forming a purpose, the power of willing or determining."

Do you consider motive and power synonymous? But what do you mean further on by asking, "Does man act from motive or from choice?" Are not your assertions and questions slightly ambiguous?

Again, "Has man the power of choosing or refusing any obj. or ev'le of life?" You seem to agree that he has. Well, if he acts at any time wholly regardless of thought, admitting it to be possible—must he not be acted upon by something foreign to his own being? It, however, thought must always precede an act, or should act follow the thought, whether necessarily or not, can it be truly said that he acts by virtue of a free will? Can he enter into a thought, and act upon it to effect a change, or act unless induced by some surrounding circumstances, other than conditions, and presented to the mind (so to speak) through the medium of the senses? How you will, no doubt, open upon me with your argument of "conscience," and say, "If man appears to us to act freely, and they think they act freely, what evidence have we that they do not act freely?" This is the old argument, but is as thin as a soap bubble. Can you maintain that personal consciousness is any evidence of truth? I think not. Let me live a moment in the time of Galileo...I have a personal consciousness that the earth is flat like a board; that the sun comes up out of the ocean every morning and goes down into the same at night; that the sky is a crystalline shell placed over the earth, resting its edge upon the yielding surface of the waters. Every one else—except Bruno, Galileo and a few other crazy heretics, are conscious of the same facts, consequently we are possessed of the truth! I have frequent but brief sitting in a railroad car at a dead stop, watching another train upon a side track underneath, conscious the while that I was moving through space along the track. Does not our consciousness arise from our peculiar situations, and is it not dependent upon the objects and conditions which surround us? As a guide to truth, it is as reliable as our reason?

Those who assert that man is a free moral agent, logically contend that his belief is the creature of his will; if they are correct, then he can believe and honestly, too, the most absurd hyperbole by the simple exercise of his will. I can not, neither can I conceive how another can, by the action of the will alone, honestly believe that true which our reason teaches us is false. Friend T. B. writes in no captions, now, in a spirit of brotherly love, with an honest desire to be convinced of truth and error, and trust you will reply in candor. Dutch Flat, Cal., Aug 25, 1869.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

A NEW DISCOVERY.

How to Construct a Microscope and Psychometer.

It is to be presumed that all persons have a certain amount of media-istic capacity, and if they are Spiritualists they will naturally want to know how much and what kind it is. How far this instrument is able to describe, will answer their question; they must, for our purposes, be able to see the smallest object. It is a real microscope, and will magnify, and like Pincinetto, is a source of much amusement. I want every Spiritualist to make one, and experiment with it, and if they make any new and startling discovery, give it freely to the world for the good of humanity. Who knows but this little bit of tissue paper, weighing less than a tenth of a grain, may precipitate sermons that will revolutionize society and startle the world?

This instrument was invented & constructed under the directions of a philosophical spirit who I am in communion, and as far as I know, it is entirely original, and is made in the following manner:—Take a piece of card, and cut a perfectly round disc, one and three fourths inches in diameter; divide the edge of this disc into twenty-six equal spaces, and make one letter of the alphabet in each space; also write the words "Yes" and "No" opposite each other on its edge, or near it, so as not to interfere with the letters before made. Now take a cork, a rather large one, and with a sharp knife cut a piece off the top in the shape of a log wedge about one-eighth of an inch thick; take a stout No. 4 needle, an inch and a half long, and put it through the centre of the cork in such a manner that when you set it on the table, it will be perfectly steady, with the point of the needle perfectly perpendicular to the surface of the cork. In this position take the card disc and slip it on to the needle, taking care that the needle passes through the center thereof; slip the disc little more than half way down the needle, so it will remain perfectly horizontal with the table on which it stands. Now take a piece of tissue paper, less than two inches long, and a quarter of an inch wide, double it length-wise, creating it in the middle—open it and double it again by putting the ends together; open it till it will form a right angle. Now hang this at the angle at the point of the needle, and when the instrument is complete, I forgot to say until now, cut one end of the tissue paper slightly

pointed—the reason will be apparent when you come to use it. Be sure to let the tissue paper remain in such a manner that it will spring clear of the disc. Now such is the delicacy and sensibility of this little bit of tissue that it is swayed by every breath of air; indeed it is moved by the force of your hand except you close all doors and windows, and even then it seems sorry that you have deprived it of its liberty. To test it remove the table cloth and set it on the bare table immediately before you; put your hand beside it in such a manner that your hand and fingers will encircle half way round it, close up to it as you can without touching. In less than a half minute the tissue paper will commence revolving at the rate (with me) of one hundred and twenty revolutions a minute, and with others more and with some less. I thought at first this motion was due to a current of warm air arising from the hand, but this is not so, for if you change bands it will stop, and then begins and revives the other way, and if you encircle it with both bands, it will not revolve at all; nor will it by holding it near a stove or over a lamp. It always revolves toward the end of the fingers, hence, if you encircle it with both bands, pointing the fingers in opposite directions, it will not stop, but continue just the same as with one hand. It will not act when the hand is over it or under it, except the other hand is held in the usual way near it. I have tried countless experiments with it, and that I have done, to determine the cause, and the results are, that it works best in a moderately dark room than in a light one, and (note this) better in the shade than in the light. If you hold one hand on the head and the other encircling it, and decidedly more vigorous at sometimes than others—sometimes suddenly stopping and refusing to move at all; a change of the position of the body causes a corresponding change in its motion. It acts stronger with some than others, and with some will not move at all. The number of revolutions per minute is the measure of capacity as a physical medium; the force that turns it is the emanation that spirits speak of which they use for the purpose of producing phenomena. Volition has no power to move or stop it except in the way spoken of. So much for its general characteristics; now let us try it under new conditions.

Invert a glass tumbler over it, and decidedly more vigorous at sometimes than others—sometimes suddenly stopping and refusing to move at all; a change of the position of the body causes a corresponding change in its motion. It acts stronger with some than others, and with some will not move at all. The number of revolutions per minute is the measure of capacity as a physical medium; the force that turns it is the emanation that spirits speak of which they use for the purpose of producing phenomena. Volition has no power to move or stop it except in the way spoken of. So much for its general characteristics; now let us try it under new conditions.

N.Y. B. STARKE,
No. 23, Farmer st.
Oct. 16, 1869.

The above named instrument, manufactured from the finest materials, enclosed in a nice box, will be sent to any part of the United States, by mail on the receipt of fifty cents, at this office, and to the Dominions or foreign countries at the same rate, by the addition of sufficient money to pay the extra foreign postage. The wholesale trade

heaven, who have a democracy of liberty (equal rights) under a republican form of government where the wisest of spirits are in combination agreeing upon the best laws and principles to be taught the people or spirits, and we should warn the civilians to beware of those Christians and others who would establish other forms of government and other teachings than those heavenly ones for this country.

When Christians or others pretend they have truths that are too sound to be questioned or reasoned upon, we would warn the civilians of them as deceivers and deceivers of mankind, for man's safety is to learn and know God's truth, and the whole of it, if he is able.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

NATURAL LAWS.

The Harmonious Action of all Things.

MR. EDITOR:—The editorial on "The Natural Laws" in the JOURNAL for July 7th, opens such an interesting and comprehensive field for thought, and is in such beautiful harmony with the principles of our philosophy, that I cannot resist adding a few more ideas in proof of the great facts that everything is natural—that everything is in accordance with law—that all is from God. Turn our attention to whatever part of the universe we choose—whether to celestial or to terrestrial spheres, whether to animals or to inanimate matter, and we find that law prevails everywhere. Man forming a part of the universal whole, is no exception to the rule. From the cradle to the grave, he moves and has his being in obedience to fixed and immutable laws. To suppose any of these laws can be trampled under foot, and omnipotence set at defiance, making the works of the Almighty a miserable failure, is a false and ignorant presumption.

If we examine the forest, we see tall stately pines, and we see small scrubby pines, we see giant oak, and we see the little dwarfed oaks—some of the trees are dead, others are dying. Has there been any violation of law here? Not all these different stages of growth and decay, of life and death, result from different conditions and from the action of different laws. Turning to man, we see sickness and death; happiness and misery; virtue and vice. Each is the effect of a cause and each is equally natural to its particular condition. It is just as natural for a diseased stomach to secrete what is termed bad gastric juice as it is for a healthy stomach to secrete good gastric juice; as natural for some men to swear as it is for others to pray; as natural for some to steal and murder as it is for others to do the most philanthropic and benevolent acts. If a animal fights and kills another, it is considered natural and in accordance with animal nature. If man fight and kill each other, he is considered both unnatural and uncivilized. But an examination of animal characters of human character, shows us that these acts are equally in accordance with law and with their respective natures and that the will of God is as manifested in man as in the other. Man contains the nature of all lower forms and organizations. He has the cunning of the fox, the vanity of the peacock, the destructiveness of the lion, and all the mineral, vegetable, and animal characteristics. In some men, the fox character predominates, in others the peacock character, in others the lion character, and so on through the list. Difference in constitutional organization leads to different manifestations of character. In every instance the manifestation of character is in perfect accordance with constitutional law. One manifestation of character is as essential to the great political economy of nature as another. Evil is only another name for good. Without the first we could not have the second. The first furnishes the material for making the second. Everywhere throughout nature, we behold two forces—one positive, the other negative; one is destructive, the other is constructive. Without destruction we could have no construction; without death we could have no life. What is called evil is nothing more than a form of destruction. The great forces always operate in obedience to law. These forces are everywhere so distributed as to operate for universal good. Every manifestation of nature bears the impress of wisdom, love and justice. To claim what we term evil in opposition to the great law is to claim that the maker and controller of all things has failed to accomplish his designs. To claim there is another power interfering with His works, is to deny the omnipotence of Deity.

JOHN WHITAKER,

Kerhonkson, N. Y.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

LIFE.

J.T. L. S.

It's dancing in the sunlight,
And blushing in the flowers,
Laughing in the rippling stream,
And weeping in the shower.

It's glittering in the dew drop,
That sparkles in the light;
It's twinkling in the little star
That shines through the night.

It's in the rushing ocean,
And in the noisy deep,
It's in the darkest caves,
Where it's treasures keep.

It's in the singing hillsides,
That stings the rocky shore,
It's in the howling tempest,
And in the ocean's roar.

It's in the verdant pasture,
And in the grazing herds,
It's in the swarming insects,
And in the singing birds.

It's in our fair childhood,
And in our ripe years
It's in our earthly pleasures
And in our falling tears.

It's in the sweet music
That fills over the ear;

It's in the pleasant outcry
That fills the air with fear.

It's in all forms of matter,
And in all living things;

It's in the swelling ant
The brightest angel rings.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal

CHRISTIANITY AND ITS WORKINGS—PRAYER—GOVERNMENT IN HEAVEN.

BY H. S. BROWN, M. D.

NUMBER FOUR.

If these Christian partisans hold positions of honor and weight, in the appointment of officers of the church, we should warn them of the danger of employing such persons. It is the rule for such persons to be made chaplains in our Army and Navy, we should at once proclaim the dangerous ministry is peace, but who are really warning us all of the peaceful laws of the country; and if peace men are wanted in war institutions, that those only who are uncompromisingly such should be appointed.

If our Legislators employ chaplains who pray to an unchangeable God to direct the members by His Word, we should at once warn them of the danger until He leaves us, and we should warn them of the danger of employing such persons. It is the rule for such persons to be made chaplains in our Army and Navy, we should at once proclaim the dangerous ministry is peace, but who are really warning us all of the peaceful laws of the country; and if peace men are wanted in war institutions, that those only who are uncompromisingly such should be appointed.

Really, if it were not so wicked, we should like to inquire how they got along without light for so long a time, since it seems now so great a necessity in the universe; but as we are told our eternal salvation depends on receiving and believing this Word of God, we must stop here.

SUICIDE.

Letter from G. Hardcastle.

DEAR JOURNAL.—One of the saddest events of modern days occurred here yesterday afternoon—viz.: A young girl of 17 years of age, prepossessed in appearance, proceeded to the bridge at this point, and from thence cast herself into the river, going down with the current. Leaving her hat and cloak, and placing the following note thereto, she leaped from the bridge, saying to a man who was last near her, and her who called to her to stop, "I'm gone."

I send to the JOURNAL as an illustration of how very sad the unloved human heart can become. Hardly one but will sympathize with poor, lonely, unloved "pet."

"My friend, the finder of this cloak and hat, I wish that you would be kind enough and take this to my mother. You will find her at the Tremont House. Her name is McKay. Tell her that my body lies in the Mississippi river.

I did not drown myself for shame, nor yet for love, for I am yet as pure as the beautiful snow. I thank the Lord that I have no sin of that kind to answer for. I have nothing to live for—no friends—everybody hates me. My friends are enemies in a day. This is a cold dreary world to live in. So good by, mother, sister and brothers, for I am going to the land where sin and sorrow come no more.

PET MCKAY.

Quincy, Ill., Oct. 29, 1869.

Voices from the People.

Samuel Underhill, M. D.

The Doctor is now laboring in Michigan. The following extract from a letter written from Nunda, gives an account of his doings. We shall be glad to hear from him at any time:

"You speak of the jolly old man as though he was idling away his time in Nunda. For the six weeks, I have been in this region holding classes and lecturing on Spiritualism, temperance, phrenology and mesmerism, and am like to spend three months in Michigan. Have attended three lectures on mesmerism by E. V. Wilson, and am enjoying nice health, and am about as likely to live as ever was."

Many mediums are being developed here, and the good cause flourishes. Let such as with address me; or to Tonica, Lissale co., Ill.

Work on, brother, and let the JOURNAL be the grave of the Memphis Graves."

Letter from Thomas Huske.

S. S. JONES.—Please add enclosed three dollars for the JOURNAL another year.

I am much pleased with the fearless, liberal, independent course it pursues in letting every one express his views from his own stand-point, and in the New Testament more than anywhere, ago to learn what its teachings are particularly in regard to taking of human life, and to my astonishment found it to be a system of love and forbearance. I found that its salvation consisted in having faith in small wise Creative Power that Jesus called his Father, who has an watchful care over all his creatures, and who has not suffered any seeming calamity to occur upon them, what is necessary for their instruction, and that all mankind are our brethren and equal with ourselves. I found that the whole professed Christian world, as far as I was acquainted, entirely ignored these teachings. I made up my mind that I would try to convert the world, and go to heaven myself, and I would publish my views that I had, and let the world know what was necessary for their instruction, and that all mankind are our brethren and equal with ourselves. I found that the whole professed Christian world, as far as I was acquainted, entirely ignored these teachings. I made up my mind that I would try to convert the world, and go to heaven myself, and I would publish my views that I had, and let the world know what was necessary for their instruction, and that all mankind are our brethren and equal with ourselves. I found that the whole professed Christian world, as far as I was acquainted, entirely ignored these teachings. I made up my mind that I would try to convert the world, and go to heaven myself, and I would publish my views that I had, and let the world know what was necessary for their instruction, and that all mankind are our brethren and equal with ourselves. 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For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
MEDIA; OR THE CHARMED LIFE:
A Story of Fact, Phenomena and Mystery.
BY GEORGE SOMERVILLE.

CHAPTER II.

"Facts are strange, stranger than fiction: "Coming events cast their shadows before."

"One night a stranger sought your protection."

"What!" the Jew cried, now quite terrified.
"Shall I repeat it?" asked the other con temptuously. Seigle buried his face in his hands, and the stranger went on. "Well you designed that that man should not leave your place alive, though you left it, and came here to rob you of your little wealth. Now tell me where those two children are?"

"I do not understand you," replied Seigle, his blanching face betraying the utter falsity of his words.

"You pale and tremble as you speak the falsehood," echoed the other.

"Who are you, what do you wish?" the perplexed Jew managed to inquire.

"Listen," was the emphatic rejoinder. "To-night at twelve I will be here, and when you hear these you will admit me." Need we add that in response to this, three ominous raps were received, sufficiently audible and distinct for both to hear.

The Jew shuddered started up, and involuntarily murmured, "Mine Got, its he."

The stranger then enjoining him to remember, left him alone to his own gloomy reflections.

"It is he, and I'm in his power," Seigle muttered to himself; he possesses the fearful secret which I fondly dreamed was known to none but myself and wife.

"Oh! cursed gold! would that I could escape this horrid torture and suspense."

Time with the self-accusing murderer seemed a dream age, but midnight at length arrived, and with the striking of twelve he again heard the significant rap and reluctantly admitted the stranger who said:

"Tell me quickly where is the boy and girl whom you received of me."

"The boy, sir, I placed in a respectable family, and the girl is still with me," Seigle replied.

"I will," the Jew answered suddenly.

"It is well. Now give me five hundred dollars and I will keep your secret for the present."

"Sir, are you serious?"

"Assuredly. Fail to comply with this, and you shall—"

"Enough—say no more: it is here. For God's sake haunt me no more," said the Jew, shuddering.

Receiving the money and unheeding his last words, the gentleman continued.

"To-morrow we shall meet again. On that you will read my name."

Eyng the Jew contemptuously, he then left the place. On the card Seigle read Dudley Clarendon. Holding it nearer the light he saw a train of quick plotting reflection chuckled:

"Ha, ha, I'll thwart you yet."

And so when Dudley Clarendon called next morning to receive his children to his arms, he found the place deserted. Caleb Seigle had departed and of his destination none could tell. The saddening fact fell and rested like a heavy incubus on Clarendon's soul. He left the spot at length, his frame filled with heart-throbs of sincere vows of vengeance.

CHAPTER III.

SPIRIT OF THE "OLD BOAT HOUSE."

Near the site, which previous to consolidation, divided the districts of Port Richmond and Kensington, and commanding a full view of the dark roiling Delaware dashing in flashing surges at its base, there once stood an old "Boat House."

To this place of rugged refinement, the shop of his weekly labor, Clarence Rodgers, in no manner fastidious in the appointments of his studio, or, retired, locked himself in and all intruders out, to mature and prepare his ideas and thoughts for publication.

It was on a bright Sunday morning, that bucentaur in spirits, far mechanic author gathered together his writing materials, and with the small scroll of an unfinished manuscript in his hand, set his steps with hopeful vigor toward his usual place of seclusion—the boat house.

As he entered hastily by a back door, he was watched narrowly by half-a-dozen suspicious eyes, belonging to half that number of stout athletic sons of the Emerald Isle, famous indeed for the dexterous use of the sprig of St. Patrick, and also the wholesale consumption of benzine, or very bad whisky.

Having watched him closely for several weeks, their suspicions were now doubly confirmed, that he secluded himself here only for the purpose of maturing some gigantic scheme or plot by which to overthrow the government and reduce the American Republic to a condition of frightful anarchy.

Such were their thoughts, as they skulked behind a hoard pile, and crouching low, watched the mechanic author enter his rugged studio.

"Now be the powers we have him," chuckled Donlon Rafferty, the foremost of the spying trio, as he arose from his couching position.

"Let's take a close peep at the sparsen, and see what the devil himself will do for his own to-day," he continued to his burly accomplices, Patrick Maginnis and Dennis McNeil.

Rafferty, after considerable searching, found a goodly sized knot-hole, at which he turns, they drank in with an indescribable interest the mysterious movements of the secluded author, as he sat dashing off page after page of a well wrought tale in which all his powers of acute concentration and interest thought seemed absorbed. The numbers increasing rapidly; a tide of insatiable curiosity and varied accusation arose low and indistinct at first, like the distant hum of a bee hive, but all absorbed in the subject of his soul, he attributed mentally the sound to the agency of the wind, and upon bent down lower and with greater energy to his work of writing.

"He's begin another plot," muttered Maginnis.

"Against the Holy Virgin, save her, and against our blessed Father, the Pope," McNeil replied.

"Let us tear the devil out—hip, hip, hurrah," yelled Rafferty, throwing his ponderous weight against the frail door, followed by several others eager for the fray.

A loud crash and flap like the dash of a flat-bottomed boat against the wave, and the door lay on the floor wrenching from the hinges. Seven athletic Greeks stood on it, glaring like savage gladiators.

Clarence Rogers started to his feet, overturning his table, and scattering the pages of his ledger over the floor. Seizing quickly a large boat hook, he stoutly confronted his assailants, strangely holding them for moment at bay.

"Hey, hey come on boys, we have them now, come on," Hallowed Jack Ringgold, leading on a number of his fine comrades to the rescue of their friend.

Come on, and they did come on, like a rushing tornado. The others heard and knew the terrible sound: they turned and fled fleet as their heavy feet would carry them. Two of them, however, stumbled fell headlong into the dock, and floundered in the mud. As Ringgold and his company reached the boat house they were

just clambering up the wharf, as the pursuers espied their ludicrous condition, they begged so pitifully to be spared a "hating," they were allowed to quietly depart.

"Well, Clarence, what has been the row?" enquired Ringgold. "You might have been killed by those fellows."

"I've been surprised, Jack," said Clarence. "They certainly have been watching us closely of late. They were savage, but I kept them off with this until they heard your voices, then they scampered off on the double quick."

"By the stars and stripes, Clary, we will drive a thousand of such skulking cowards."

CHAPTER IV.

THE REVEL.—ROBBERY.—THE MISER'S TERROR

Wine! Wine! I will have wine, and I'll drink to the stars
See the moon now hangs like golden grape, ripening,
And the juice drops down like blood's dew, on the tree,
While trees and flowers mock paper showers and laugh in

[flock review earth,
Their buxomness meth-

"Ha! Ha!" echoed again and again from the hasty ranks of a company of gay sports, seated round a large table, well filled with various and palatable viands of a sumptuous feast.

"Ha! Ha!" responded classes in this brilliant gay light, glibly over them from the rough chamberlains peering o'er head—they struck them together in the merrily festive toast, and soon gave voice to their gladmost feelings in the now buxom song.

Ringgold was none other than Caleb Seigle, but since his last precipitate removal, he has assumed the former name, and now was known by none other. A brief description of him here may not be out of place. He was five feet three inches in height, while his neck was so short that his head seemed to lay flat on his shoulders. His nose was of the roman shape, and large; eyes small, sparkling and sneak like hair slightly gray. Having lost his wife, he has grown extremely avaricious and miserly, so that in the neighborhood where he resides, he is known only as old Grimes, the miser. The three balls which hang above his door, convey the impression that his business is that of a Pawnbroker. Yet it is quite well known he would scarce scruple to receive goods with little concern as to how

"Fill to the brim," said he, "and let us drink to the gold of old Grimes, the miser."

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"Fire! Fire! Fire!" went up in loud and boisterous volume from hasty throats, as the flashing and curling flames rolled up in heavy folds against the darkened heavens, and spread themselves in broad sheets of blazing destruction over the alarmed city. Instantly every fire bell sent forth the fearful alarm in rapid tone, and thousands flew like mountain couriers toward the blazing scene. The atmosphere being lowering and heavy, carried the light over the entire city, and many companies were therefore puzzled in finding the real source of the disaster. Though many nearest it were soon on the ground, and of course went into active service. But as the up town company who were proud to own the noble Ringgold as a member, approached the bridge on Richmond Street, which they were compelled to cross, to reach the scene of the fire, they were hailed with a heavy shower of stones, bricks and other missiles, hurled upon them by an unseen foe. Disconcerted, surprised and scattered, the attack was followed up so sudden and close, they instantly fled in terror, leaving their apparatus in the hands of their assailants, who seizing it, fled over the bridge with it towards the river. The retreating, met friends headed again by Ringgold, who as he heard the sound of his loved comrade, was drawn rapidly from them, by their foes.

"Come on, boys! wade in now," he shouted at the top of his voice. "I see it all. That fire is only a decoy. Its the work of our foes—wade in now and make them bite the dust."

With a yell of renewed courage and desperation, they turned and ran in pursuit of their assailants, as swift as mountain courses.

"Hey! hey! I wade in now, wade in," went up from throat in an Indian like war whoop, striking terror at once to the hearts of their foes. Half a mile was soon passed in such a chase. Surprise was soon transferred and changed to victory. For Ringgold and his gallant company were now on their assailants like so many hyenas loose.

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"Hey! hey! up boys, and at 'em," Ringgold shouted, as his party divided and battled each side of the carriage rope.

For an instant their fury was looked up in doubt and terror in turn, and striking several blows with short clubs, they were promptly returned by fists almost as hard. Closer and closer; hotter and hotter grew the struggle, and some of the noble firemen were badly bruised, but several of their enemies lay prostrate and trampled on.

"Go in, boys! wade in now," Ringgold's voice still rang out, far above the strife and struggle of the fight. With a bound he darted towards the tongue of the carriage and with a tremendous blow leveled a large log flat to the ground, stunning him so that he lay there apparently insensible. But the next moment he sprang up again, an ugly looking pistol and fired at Ringgold's head. He missed his mark, and Ringgold, who had been fighting his enemy to take his life, drew back and administered him a kick with his foot which sent him reeling like a drunken man, until slipping, he stumbled over the bank into the Delaware.

The fire had now gone down, and it became densely dark, but anon several pistols in the hands of the combatants flashed in the darkness. They soon were scattered and parted. A loud shout of victory went up from the fire boys as they turned their carriage on the river bank, saved from destruction, and their faces homeward.

Nearing the bridge and passing near the old haunted boat house, they were again attacked by those they had lately driven before them, who after retreating from the carriage, made a shorter circuit and reached the boat house before the firemen of the late victory.

Again the bloody struggle raged fiercer than before, spreading consternation and alarm throughout the neighborhood. Those who were secure in the boat house levelled their weapons through windows and large knot holes, while the firemen dashed out of various doors, which to batter down the building, occasionally discharging a pistol as an enemy would momentarily appear at one of the windows. "Crash, crack," sounded dolefully on the heavy midnight air.

"A ladder, boys, get a ladder, and let us meet them hand in hand," Ringgold cried; darting about frantic, with rage, his face blackened with smoke. "A ladder, boys, let us put an end to this Greek war."

"Fire the shop!" shouted some one. "Fire the boat house; they would serve us so."

"Aye, aye, that's it! burn them out!" several voices echoed.

In a few minutes, and the heavens were again lit up with hissing flames, which soon enveloped the boat house in a blaze. Being all of wood, it caught and burnt rapidly, allowing those inside but little time to make good their

escape. They came at length, rushing from the windows in the greatest confusion, and flight. Some to be wounded by pistol shots, others cut and knocked overboard into the muddy dock.

"Murther! Murther! Its killing me ye are," was bawled out in many a coarse and frantic tone, as they attempted at last to make their final flight from those whom in the dark, and in the honorable discharge of their loved duty, they had cowardly assailed.

At the same time, though in a portion of the city distant from the late scene of fire and fighting, another scene, as a shooting to the was

Mrs. Plum, Clairvoyant, 63 Russell St., Charlestown, Mass.

J. H. Powell, Terre Haute, Ind.

Mrs. Nettie M. Poole, trance speaker, New Albany, Ind.

J. L. Potter, La Cross, Wis., care of E. A. Wilson.

D. W. K. Ripley, box 95, Fitchburg, Mass.

A. C. Robinson, Salem, Mass.

Wm. Rose, M.D., Address box 209, Springfield, O.

Mrs. Frank Reid, Inspirational Speaker, Kalamazoo, Mich.

Mrs. Sarah A. Rogers, Princeton Iowa, care of A. P. Chamberlain.

Mrs. Leonard Smith, M.D., of Whittemore, communer Menocka, Ill.

Austin E. Simmons, Address Woodstock, Vt.

H. B. Storer, 50 Pleasant street, Boston, Mass.

Mr. L. A. F. Swain, Union Lakes, Rice Co., Minn.

Mrs. Sprague, D. S., Schenectady, N. Y.

Mrs. Faustine Davis Smith, Milford, Mass.

N. H. Swallow, Union Lake, Rice Co., Minn.

Mrs. Nellie Smith, Inspirational Speaker, St. Paul, Minn.

James Steele, State Missionary, Green Garden, Ill.

J. W. Stever, Byron, N. Y.

Dr. Wm. H. Salisbury, box 1315, Portsmouth, N. H.

Mrs. Emma W. Smith, 265 State street, Portland, Me.

Mrs. C. M. Stowe, Address San Jose, Cal.

Sophia Van Sickles, Greenfield, Mich.

Mrs. J. E. B. Sawyer, Baldwinville, Mass.

Abraham Smith, St. Louis, Mich.

Mrs. Mary L. Stoen, trance speaker, Toledo, O.

Mrs. E. W. Sidney, trance speaker, Fitchburg, Mass.

Klijah H. Swankhamer, 177 3rd street, Wilton, burg, Long Island.

Hermon Snow, Liberal Books and Novelseller, 410 Newbury street, San Francisco, Cal.

Mrs. H. T. Stearns, Missionary for the Pennsylvania Society of Spiritualists, Address care of Dr. H. T. Childs 634 Race street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Dr. Nathan Smith, Kendalville, Ind.

J. H. Tooley, Room 17, 212 S. Clark street Chicago, Ill.

François A. Tuttle, box 354, Laporte, Ind. Will speak on the West.

Mrs. E. A. Tallmadge, Inspirational Speaker, Westerville, Ind.

Mrs. Charlotte F. Tabor, trance speaker, New Bedford, Mass. P. O. box 302.

Hudson Show, Berlin Heights, O.

Benjamin Todd, Salem, Oregon.

Mrs. Sarah M. Thompson, inspirational speaker, 151 St. Clair street, Cleveland, O.

James Trox, Keweenaw, Mich.

Mr. U. Tatum, 275 Milwaukee Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Dr. Samuel Underhill, No. 12, 22nd st. Chicago, Ill.

Dr. J. V. Veland, Amherst, Minn.

A. Warren, Beloit, Wis.

Mrs. E. W. Warner, Box 329, Davenport, Iowa.

N. Frank White, Providence, R. I.

Mrs. M. Macomber Wright, 31 Dewey st., Worcester, Mass.

F. L. H. Williams, M. D., 27 West Fourth street, New York.

Dr. E. B. Wheelock, speaker, New Hartford, Iowa.

Mrs. Fannie Wheelock, clairvoyant, New Hartford, Iowa.

E. F. Wilson, Lombard, Ill.

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THE PHYSIO

has visited us in the spiritual as in the material world. Those who stand outside of this belief tell us many strange and hard things—sometimes that we are grossly deceived; sometimes that we are all fools and knaves, that the wild and the wonderful in history lives, that we can not explain the mystery of supernaturalism.

We declare that all things at last resolve themselves into the domain of natural law. There stands the great shadowy giant of spirit and the Spirit World, and all human experiences mock and laugh at your credulity, a credulity that would expect us to believe that the whole mass of mystery is overhung with one dense pile of impossibility.

This must offer us a better explanation if they will not accept ours. They must render a solution of what this means—we pause for their explanation. We call it Spiritualism, and when we have applied ourselves to its study with half the industry we bestow on the accumulation of wealth before us, we shall find that all the difficulties run out for us, we shall comprehend more of this great system of Spiritualism. We shall then know more of the external and internal forces that are in us and around us. We shall then find that all the will and wonder in nature around us and within us are bound up in the beautiful and intricate meshes of law—perfect and unchangeable law;

Relgio-Philosophical Journal

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S. S. JONES,

EDITOR, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

Late the

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The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

MOTION.

The Different Kinds of Motion More Fully Explained—The Motion of the Blood, and Beautiful Action of the Little Globules Within It.

NUMBER FOUR.

Matter diffused; matter concentrated. Life diffused; life concentrated. Mind diffused; mind concentrated. Motion general; motion local. Voluntary motion; involuntary motion. Matter is diffused throughout all space, and there is incorporated with it while in that condition, everything that it possesses when the constituent parts of the same are concentrated in man.

The human mind is ever reaching forth to cull truths from the Book of Nature. It never rests; it never becomes weary. Within it is the seal of divinity glistening beautifully, indicating its origin, and to whom it belongs. We are a part of the great I AM, possessing every characteristic of our good Parent, and in proportion to our acquisition of knowledge, we gradually approach Him. Man's course is onward. His sphere of action, in proportion to the advancement he has made in understanding the principles of those things around him, and the interior mechanism of his organic structures. This is a glorious truth, coming in beautiful, undulating waves from the Angel World, and touching the sensitive chords of the human mind, it gives it an insight of Deity. A pebble thrown into water produces beautiful undulating circles that continually enlarge as they push outward. An idea within the human mind, ever restless, moves outward, constantly gaining accession to its ranks until the circles of influence it creates in connection with others accumulated with it, is almost boundless in extent. What would encourage man, if as he advanced step by step on disputed domain, constantly unearthing new truths, his sphere of action remained constantly the same? Nothing! He progresses, for progression is one of the pre-requisites of motion. If all things are in motion, and no savy would attempt to prove to the contrary, a result highly beneficial must be the realized. Motion without a result would simply be impossible. If the result is beneficial to the human family, it must be on the ascending scale of existence.

As usual, we now adopt an acknowledged truth as a platform on which to stand and extend our observation, and we propose to so arrange the focus of our intellectual telescope, as to comprehend all objects within a given radii, and reasoning therefrom, hold infinity within our grasp:

Matter diffused; matter concentrated.

As is well known, there is not a spot in all of God's vast universe that is destitute of matter. Supposing there is a void anywhere, what conclusion can we come to in reference to it. If nothing there, who can detect it, and who dare say they have found nothing, simply nothing, covering a certain area in the infinite realms of space? Who can measure nothing and tell its extent? The idea is simply ridiculous, to suppose there is a place in all of God's vast universe where matter don't exist. Admitting, then, that matter fills all space, in some places diffused, in other places concentrated, we prepare ourselves to arrive at certain conclusions which must be recognized as true. In space, we find matter diffused; in man, we find the elements thereof concentrated. And what does that concentration bring with it? Life, of course. If matter, when perfectly concentrated in man, brings with it life, have we not a right to conclude that life as well as matter, exists throughout all space? What other conclusion could we come to? Life, then, is as infinite as matter and is interblended with it in harmonious action, and when concentrated therewith in man, it becomes his life—the life of man. But matter diffused, when concentrated in man, brings with it something more than

life—it brings mind; hence we have a right to conclude that the qualities of mind exist throughout all space, and like life, is interblended with it, and is, in fact, a part of it. We do not wish to convey the idea that two infinites can occupy the same space at the same time—that would be impossible. The three, matter, life and mind, are indissolubly interblended, and are constantly in motion, and it is only the concentrated portions of the same that are on the ascending scale of life.

We find on careful examination that all the qualities that men possess, exist in space in an infinite degree, and that in him they are concentrated, personified, as it were, and the consequence is, he is a microcosm of the universe. That life and mind, or the qualities thereof, exist in all space, we have no doubt, and when the reader will peruse these thoughts carefully, he will come to the same conclusion.

Motion general; motion local.

This is plain and needs no exemplification. Throughout all space, among those twinkling gems that shine so beautifully at night, in those dark portentous clouds and flashing lightning, in that terrible thunderbolt that causes the earth to tremble, as it were, with fear, in the glittering rainbow that overarches the sky—in fact, everywhere, we find motion. Not a nook or corner in all of God's vast universe, in which we can not observe motion. This we call motion general. But within that motion, we find local motion as manifested in man. This position, of course, will be readily understood. We will now advance a step forward.

Motion voluntary; motion involuntary.

In the movement of the hand or the limbs of the body, we find a plain example of voluntary motion, the effect being produced by the action of the mind alone. The circulation of the blood, however, is what we term involuntary motion, and the cause thereof is not so easy to explain; but we will attempt to do it, and in a manner entirely different from that given by the medical fraternity.

We will assume, however, as the starting point of the blood, a different locality from that usually adopted, viz: the lungs where the globules of blood are arterialized or inflated like a bladder, with magnetism derived from the action of the lungs and atmosphere thereon. Now bear this in mind that those little globules of blood, when sent forth from the lungs, look as fresh as a cherry, sparkling with the life-element that impregnates them. When they enter them, they seem collapsed—when they leave, they are full, round and prepared for a great work. Now, remember that we assume the lungs as a starting point, instead of the left ventricle of the heart. The lungs are a battery, the atoms here sustaining it in the same manner that the zinc copper and solution does a common magnetic battery. These little globules, becoming positively charged, are propelled from the lungs into the pulmonary veins (for two positives repel) thence into the left auricle and passing into the left ventricle, it then flows forth into the aorta, and is distributed by the ramifications thereof to all parts of the system. These little globules commence to collapse the moment they leave the left ventricle, depositing at each successive step the rich magnetism obtained from the lungs. Now, supposing these little globules, on account of sluggish circulation, exhaust their magnetism before they reach the extremities—why, the results will be cold feet and hands. Increase the circulation by exercise and proper hygienic measures, and these little globules will reach the extremities before the magnetism is exhausted, hence, the hands and feet will be warm.

Should the lungs be diseased, as in consumption, these little globules of blood would not be fully charged with magnetism by them, and the result would be a gradual wasting away of the system; until its entire vitality is exhausted. While dying, the extremities become cold first, from the simple fact that these little globules of blood containing the life element, does not reach them, or if they do, they are so exhausted that they impart no strength.

There is, indeed, grandeur in the circulation of the blood. There is a world of meaning in these little globules as they sail forth freighted with choice nutriment for the system, lifting the little valves in their path way, slating, as they move onward, the nerve-centers that they support and after performing their mission, returning to the lungs again for a fresh supply! Had we space to show you the true nature of the blood, you would be surprised at the revelations, and wonder why it is that it has never been correctly understood.

In voluntary motion, we always see the action of mind. In involuntary motion, we find, however, the action of the mind, also—the involuntary forces thereof—for, bear this in mind, that the mind has involuntary junctions as well as the body, and the influence exerted over the same, is caused in an entire different manner, and will always be perfect in action, unless by the unwise interference of the voluntary powers. The involuntary powers of the mind are automatic in action, hence the automatic action of the stomach, liver and blood. It would be impossible in this series of articles, to explain the cause of the wonderful phenomena manifested in the automatic action of the involuntary forces or powers of the human organism. Having explained the cause of the circulation of the blood, or given a slight inkling in reference thereto, we might touch upon the nature of those forces that control the action of the liver, heart and stomach, but space forbids. But remember this, that the voluntary and the involuntary motions have their origin in the human mind, which, in one sense, is the germ of the whole physical system, just as the acorn is the germ that produces the oak.

The reader will see on a close examination of this subject, and by reading our four articles, that there is a grandeur connected with God's vast universe, little thought of at the present time. But then, we have not yet exhausted the subject. Still grander and more portentous facts are to follow. The whole world is in

constant vibration, as it were, with the mighty truths that are coursing in its currents, for, it is known, that truths are not abstract in nature, as some foolish metaphysicians would attempt to prove; but are, however stated and in what ever connection they are, just as much a reality, as the fact that a "house is a house."

Bear in mind, then, reader, that you will find your sphere of action when you make your advent in the Spirit World, corresponding exactly with your knowledge here; but remember that that knowledge must have been used to benefit humanity, or it will be like a tree, whose trunk is massive, strong and towering, but whose limbs resemble the clenched fists of the miser, whose heart has never been opened to the cries of suffering humanity.

In your progress, then, through life, ever remember that "knowledge is power," and that you will carry the same with you to the Summerland, but if that knowledge while on earth has been directed in the cause of selfish ambition, you will have some difficulty in directing the force thereof that it will move in a channel dictated by love and charity, and thus place you in harmonious relations with the wise sages of the Spirit World.

We catch glimpses of the Spirit World as we sit and write, and from our inmost soul we pity those whose life here has been spent in licentious acts, and who have done no good to earth's mortals. But bear this beautiful fact in mind, that there are, in heart, greater philanthropists in the lowly cottage, where the pockets are empty, than A. T. Stuart, or Peabody the banker, who has given his millions. The true philanthropist is one who would if he could, or if he can, does, alleviate the suffering of humanity, recognizing the sublime fact, that all are brothers!

INFINITE MERCY.

"Wherefore I say unto you, all manner of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven unto men; but the blasphemy against the Holy Ghost shall not be forgiven unto men.

"An' whover speaks a word against the Son of man, it shall be forgiven him; but whoever speaks against the Holy Ghost, it shall not be forgiven him, neither in this world, neither in the world to come."

The above paragraphs may be found in that "Book of Books," called the Bible, some portions of which sparkle with rare gems of truth, while other portions not fit to be read in the lowest brothel—in fact, there is not another book extant that contains so many errors, so many monstrous absurdities, such foolish trash generally, as the Christian Bible. At the same time, we are willing to admit that there is a current of divine light penetrating its lids, please go into the details—it how it is that we are forced through and out of the world.

Please remember, friends, that there is no more potent means of awakening an interest in Spiritualism than by circulating the papers, and as you are all agents of the Spirit World, will rejoice and our hearts be made glad by your efforts.

“SPIRITUALISM OF THE BIBLE”—INDUCEMENTS FOR NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

On the 1st of January we shall commence a series of articles on the "Spiritualism of the Bible" and all the phenomena in connection therewith, which will run through more than twenty-six numbers of the JOURNAL, and will embrace some of the most wonderful revelations of ancient days as demonstrating the truths of the Spiritualism of the present, showing the nature of Christ's development and many facts and incidents not yet made known in connection with important persons and medium; embracing the different kinds of clairvoyance and philosophy of the same; the different kinds of mediumship and how developed: how to render the brain sensitive in order that spirits may impress their thoughts thereon; the modus operandi of Elisha's translation: how Christ was enabled to walk upon the water and still the tempest; how the angel presented himself to Hagar and the method of materializing him self so that his body was as tangible as our own. They will give the true character of Abraham and his wife Sarah and their relation to that wonderful medium Hagar, and explain many mysterious and wonderful manifestations of the past and present, and their great significance and importance as connected with the present status and future destiny of mankind.

We propose to make this series of articles alone worth many times the price of yearly subscription to every thoughtful reader of our paper, and would ask, that as you value the truth and the spread of our glorious salvation philosophy, that you will interest yourself in spreading the knowledge of the same by extending the circulation of the JOURNAL.

We shall offer our paper to new subscribers for three months, on trial, for 50 cents, and there is not a single one of our present subscribers who with but little exertion could not obtain from five to twenty-five subscribers, and we shall be glad to publish the names (if desired) of all who will thus interest themselves, together with the number of names obtained.

Please remember, friends, that there is no more potent means of awakening an interest in Spiritualism than by circulating the papers, and as you are all agents of the Spirit World, will rejoice and our hearts be made glad by your efforts.

AN INQUIRY.

In a late editorial of the JOURNAL, you explained satisfactorily that we are forced into the world, but did not dwell on how we were, forced through, and out of the world. Now, for the benefit of some of your readers (not for myself, for I am knowing to the fact), please go into the details—it how it is that we are forced through and out of the world.

I wait patiently for future numbers of the JOURNAL.

H. K. D.

K. rhonson, Ulster Co., N. Y.

Well, dear brother, this is a pertinent inquiry, and one that the investigating mind, no doubt, feels a great interest in. That we are forced in, through, and out of the world, no rational mind will for a moment deny. In that process however, we do not stand in the same relation to natural laws that the dancer does to the violin, or the automaton to the forces that operate it; yet it is none the less true that man cannot control those forces which move him along from the cradle to the grave. At some future time, we will, perhaps, take that subject into consideration, unveiling those mysterious laws, to the action of which man must submit, and the result of which will finally crown him with complete happiness.

With these three acknowledged facts for a platform on which to stand to extend our observations, the truths that glisten in the scientific ornaments shine forth beautifully, beckoning our attention, that we may learn their true nature and worth. Man cannot reason without a basis on which to stand, and it should be true one, too—one that the common mind will acknowledge as correct. Perhaps our brother will favor us with an article on the above interesting subject.

SPEAKER'S REGISTER AND NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

On and after the first of January, if not sooner, we shall adopt an entire new plan in regard to the "Speaker's Register and Notices of Meetings."

We have heretofore gathered from the best sources we could, the names of speakers, time and places of meetings, and published the same regularly every week.

We hereby give notice that we shall soon take both of these lists as we now stand, out of the paper and put in their places the names of those speakers only, who expressly desire it, and the places and time of holding meetings in various parts of the country, when requested by the officers thereof to do so. Our paper is now done begging for information upon a subject in which individuals and societies are most deeply interested, but seldom or never trouble themselves to write us, nor say a kind word for the JOURNAL.

All speakers who manifest sufficient interest in our paper to write and request that their names be inserted in the register, and at the same time express a willingness to aid us in the circulation of the JOURNAL, shall have their request complied with so long as they keep us posted as to their locality. We shall also with like pleasure, publish a list of meetings, giving the time and places of meeting, whenever the parties interested, feel sufficient interest in the matter to keep us correctly informed, upon the subject.

We are determined that our register shall be correct so far as it goes. It is far better for the public to have no register than to have one that is incorrect. We give this timely warning that all interested may give us due notice, so that no names may be omitted from the new list.

Specimens of the Magazine sent gratis.

ADDIE L. BALLOU

Lectured again at Crosby's Music Hall, in this city, on Sunday, the 31st, to a large and appreciative audience. Her eloquent remarks received that close attention which their merit deserved. She lectured in the evening on the "Immortality of the Soul," handling the subject in an able manner, and to conclude the services, she delineated the character of one gentleman and two ladies, describing the spirits surrounding them, all of which were recognized. Her delineations and tests added much to the interest of the occasion.

During November, she lectures in Cincinnati. Her address, during that time, will be Post Office box 2881, care of A. W. Pugh, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Elijah Woodworth, Mrs. Emma Martin and Charles Farlin.

We are pleased to state that the above named earnest advocates of our cause, have been doing a good work in Michigan during the past summer, and have thereby won for themselves laurels which death cannot fade nor time wear away. They have held meetings in various parts of the State, which were well attended, and much interest was manifested.

GALVESTON AND HOUSTON, TEXAS.

Bro. Grandison Ruby, writing from Galveston, says they want good test mediums at both of those places, and will pay liberally. Good trances and inspirational mediums are also wanted.

Peter West's rooms are daily thronged with visitors seeking for light from the world of spirits, and but few go away disappointed.

Literary Notices.

THE EXPLORER is the name of a new monthly magazine just started at Indianapolis, Ind., by indefatigable laborer in the cause of reform, Truman Beaman. It is devoted to the eradication of evil and the elevation of humanity, and is well worthy of the patronage of the laboring classes. Terms \$1.25 per year.

THE DELUGE IN THE LIGHT OF MODERN SCIENCE: a Discourse by Wm. Denton. You who desire to know something of the ark, the deluge, etc., should read this little pamphlet. Price 10 cts, postage 2 cts. For sale at this office.

LADIE'S OWN MAGAZINE; by Mrs. Cora Bland, of Indianapolis, Ind. Price, \$1.50 per year. As a Western magazine, it stands high, and would be read with interest by our friends in the East.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for November, as usual, is replete with interesting matter from the pens of our ablest writers. It always contains food for the thinking mind.

THE CHESTER FAMILY; OR THE CURSE OF THE DRUNKARD'S APPETITE, by Julia A. Friend. Wm. White & Co., Boston, publishers.

The one great object of this book, "Is to show the effects of the thirst for intoxicating drinks on family relations, especially as it bears on the wives and children of its victims." Her account of the death of little Lizzie is really beautiful, and if it does not agitate your inner nature and moisten your eyes with tears, you are really hard hearted. This book should be in the hands of every family. For sale at this office. Price \$1, postage 14 cts.

COMMON SENSE THOUGHTS ON THE BIBLE FOR COMMON SENSE PEOPLE. By Wm. Denton.

This being the third edition of this little work, is a sufficient guarantee that it has met the expectations of the people. Mr. Denton has shown in an able manner, that "A Book to be God's, should agree with Nature." His views in regard to this position are of that nature well calculated to command the attention of the thinking mind, and open the eyes of those who have hitherto thought to little purpose. This pamphlet contains fifty-two closely printed pages, and is well worth its price, 15 cts; postage 2 cts.

For sale at this office.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE for December is on our table in advance. It is a splendid number with two steel engravings, a mammoth fashion plate, a colored pattern in Berlin work, and nearly fifty wood cuts. We do not wonder at the immense circulation of "Peterson's," said to be the largest in the world—for it really gives more for the money than any other. Every lady ought to subscribe for it. Its mammoth colored fashion plates are always the latest and prettiest. Its stories are the best published anywhere. In 1870, in addition to its usual quantity of short stories, five original copy-right novels will be given, among them "The Prisoner of the Bastille," by Ann S. Stephens, "The Secret at Bartram's Holme," by Jane C. Austin, "How It Ended," by Frank Lee Benedict, &c., &c. About 1,000 pages of reading matter will be given in 1870, 12 mammoth colored fashions, and 14 superb steel engravings. The Magazine will be greatly improved. The terms, however, will remain Two Dollars a year to subscribers. To Clubs it is cheaper still, viz.: four copies for \$6.00, with a large engraving, (24 inches by 16). "Our Father who art in Heaven," as a premium to the person getting up a club; or eight copies for \$12.00, with both an extra copy of the Magazine and the engraving, as premiums. We can speak from personal knowledge of the beauty of this engraving. Now is the time to get up clubs for 1870.

Specimens of the Magazine sent gratis.

Address,
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BY H. T. CHILD, M. D.

Subscription will be received, and papers may be obtained at wholesale or retail, at 834 Race street, Philadelphia.

LIFE.

Rest and Sleep.

The forces in Nature may be divided into two classes—those which are incessant in their action and continuous in their motions, and those which are subject to cessation, repose or rest.

The declaration of the ancients "that God created the world, meaning the universe, in six days, is no less at variance with known science and positive knowledge, than the other declaration, "that God rested on the seventh day." God never ceases action or requires rest. It is only finite living beings that require rest, and these old philosophers measured God by the narrow conceptions of their own finite capacities.

There can be no life where there is a total suspension of action—it is only certain portions of living organisms that require rest, in order for the renewal of their powers and continuance of their actions. The involuntary functions of the human system cannot rest. A cessation of but a few moments in the action of the heart or in respiration, would be fatal, and these never tire in their ceaseless round of action from the dawn of existence until the organism is laid aside as a worn out garment.

The voluntary functions, certain muscular motions and mental efforts, are so constituted that they require rest and sleep.

We have seen in the former articles that the atoms of the human organs are dying constantly; that we must continually die in order that we may live. When, however, these atoms have only been partially exhausted and are not dead, but capable of some further action, under the process of sleep, they recuperate and are renewed so that they may continue to take their part in the drama of life without interfering with health. Under the repose of sleep, the life forces experience an equilibrium which restores these weakened elements, and fit them for further use. This is proved first by the fact that sleep prodrugs this renewed energy, and, secondly, by the fact that where the system is deprived of sleep for a long time, fevers and other diseases are engendered by the tissues becoming loaded with sick and imperfectly assimilated matter. We need rest daily and hourly, and the propension to have one day in seven set apart as a day of rest, is not only absurd, but mankind prove that they think so by making it anything but "a day of rest."

Whenever any of the powers become wearied, it is the voice of God calling for rest, and this is the time to take that rest, and we should not wait for any day or hour which may be set apart for it. It was a favorite maxim of my excellent friend, the late Professor C. D. Meiggs, of this city, that a sick body like a broken limb, needed rest.

The fact of this great need of rest, both in sickness and health, is generally felt. But a much more difficult question is how are we to obtain rest?

The conditions of ordinary health, unless something of an external character interferes, there is very little difficulty in obtaining rest. Most persons are like the man who said he "was not afraid of work, he could lay down along side of it, and go to sleep." But it is in sickness, where sleep is more particularly required, that it is most difficult for us to obtain it.

Rest is Nature's means of curing disease, but not always in the form of sleep, for this is accompanied by more or less congestion or fullness of blood in the brain. Hence we find long continued hard sleep produces a sense of weariness, and sometimes pain in the head. This is especially the case after losing the accustomed sleep. The first sleep that we get almost always produces headache, and a sense of weariness. There are many articles in the *materia medica* which produce sleep by causing congestion of the brain, and they may occasionally be useful in the hands of skillful physicians. Yet they should never be used except under these circumstances. The habitual use of narcotics is a terrible curse to humanity.

The most perfect rest for the sick is that which is produced by the healthy and pure magnetism of persons who are adapted to the individual needs. This is a subject upon which we have made many experiments and observations. We believe there are varieties of magnetism, and we know of no other means but experimenting, by which we can ascertain when human magnetism will be properly adapted to individual cases, and where it is not so adapted, it is worse than useless to attempt to apply it. Where it is well adapted, it is the most soothing, equilibrating and healing process that can be applied to the system.

The magnetizer should be a person in good health, strictly temperate and regular in all their habits of life, and above all imbued with the purest and most benevolent motives. The work should be done for the love of it and the good of humanity, and never from any sordid or ambitious motives.

Thousands to-day are realizing this important fact that there are individuals who bring rest, quietness and repose to them. Their presence (or in some cases) with very sensitive persons, (the thought of them) will do this, and in many cases a letter from such a friend will have a great amount of rest and healing in its leaves. We have often experienced this. There are persons who write very little, but who send the most soothing and quieting influence. A friend who is now travelling in the far West, always sends much more of this quieting influence in her letters than the words express. I can refer to many others whose correspondence is valuable on this account. There are those who are

blessed with a power to bring calmness and repose to the sick, and who are thus carrying blessings wherever they go. To some, much more than to others, is this Christ-like mission given.

It is a pleasant and cheering thought that in the journey of life we are thus gilded with powers to scatter rich blessings along our pathway, flowers of love and peace that our fellow men may pick up, and as they inhale their fragrance return blessings to us. This subject of rest is one of vast importance to all, both as regards health and length of life here, usefulness and happiness.

There are those whose whole journey of life is a weariness, who think the earth a wilderness, and find but little enjoyment in it.

This subject should be carefully studied by all. We have only thrown out a few hints here that we hope will set our readers to thinking. Our brother Alleyne G. Chase speaks of two kinds of rest in spirit-life, very similar to those we have here.

A COMMUNICATION
ASSOCIATION—ORGANIZATION.

NUMBER ONE.

Association is universal; an isolated atom of matter can only exist as an abstract idea. Whether matter is the result of the crossing of the lines of force as we believe, or not, no mortal or spiritual eye, alone or aided by the best means of seeing, has yet been able to reach the point where a single atom stands out alone in its glory, or rather its solitariness, exists.

The necessity for association and organization is absolute on the material plane—the result of this is an increase of power, as may be seen by mathematical calculation. Thus one and one make two, and this two has a power which the two ones had not, for two and two make four, directly, while four separate ones cannot make four without first becoming two.

Size is always an element of power whether it be in the masses, on the surface of the earth, or the planet itself. We admit that size is only one of the elements of greatness, and that all large men, for instance, are not great men; yet size gives commanding influence, and when combined with the other elements of greatness, makes it tower up in majesty and power.

God, or the concentrated good, is the great organizing power of the universe. The disorganizing power which is opposed to this, has been called evil under various names, in all ages and countries; this is a mistaken idea, for their is no disorganizing force in the universe. It is but a change in the organizing force, having for its object the elevation of the matter separated.

Death is always a gate to harmony or heaven.

Through its influence, atoms that have been

chained in an association, are set free, and thus prepared to enter into higher and better associations. So throughout countless myriads of changes, has matter in endless forms, been marching up to higher and more progressed conditions.

We have said that there are no organizations among mankind that are not to be found in some form of correspondences. Here all the different forms of religious organizations that now exist or ever have existed upon your earth or any other earth, have their representatives and correspondences in this sphere.

If it be any consolation to the little narrow, bigoted sectarian who believes that all the righteousness that can please the All Father is to be found in the contracted limits of his little, petty sect, to know that he will find similar conditions here, he may have it.

The strength of religious organizations is very greatly augmented by the co-operative efforts of the spirit, in the interior, holding similar views and sentiments.

Secret organization running back to ante-historical periods, have been strengthened and kept alive by these influences—so of all other societies and organizations. We shall speak of some of our organizations which are imperfectly outlined upon your plane.

First, then, the conjugal, of which the con-

jugal on the plane of earth as a correspondence,

much inferior to, and exceedingly imperfect.

The blending of the physical, intellectual and

spiritual forces of two human beings of opposite

sexes and properly adapted temperaments,

is the source of the purest and most enduring

happiness. These unions which are not hastily

formed here, are the result of mutual attractions,

deeper and more real than those which too often

bring about the temporary unions of earth-life.

The sensual plane, which, disguise it as we will,

occupies so prominent a place in the unions of

earth children, must here fall into its appropriate sphere, and be purified of all lustful feelings.

It is only upon this sensual plane that suspicion breeds want of confidence, and the green-eyed monster jealousy feeds and fattens upon all that would make life desirable and happy, and it will be impossible to have an appreciation of this true spiritual union, unless you can rise entirely above all these feelings. The true reform of the terrible abuses which now exist in the conjugal relations on earth, can only be reached and realized by a better understanding of this matter, as it is presented in the higher spheres of spirit-life.

Men and women should learn never to measure their attractions and base their unions, as is generally done, upon the impulses of the sensual nature. Neither this, nor the intellectual alone are a safe criterion for these unions, while they are not to be ignored, the highest, holiest and purest revelations come through the spiritual. Each of these natures should hold their counsels separately, like the three departments of your national government; but no one of them should ever make a law or decide any important question without the advice and consent of the others. In this most perfect and beautiful union, there is a unity of action and labor which makes all life's occupations and duties pleasant and attractive. Two such souls always divide their labors and multiply their enjoyments, but it must be understood that in this beautiful oneness of feeling, there is not a total relinquish-

ment of individuality, and while the twain are one in all that is essential for their usefulness and happiness, and have as their common property certain secrets which belong exclusively to them, there are individual labors for each, which, in the fullness of their confidence in each other, they are always willing to encourage each other to carry out. More than that, there are individual secrets sacred to each one, and essential to the full unfoldment of the spiritual nature. There are few in the earth sphere who are ready to accept these teachings—fewer still who are able to live them out; but they will yet be out-worked on earth.

EMMA HARDINGE'S NEW BOOK.

We have received the Table of Contents of this great work, "Modern American Spiritualism; a Twenty Years Record of the Communion Between Earth and the World of Spirits." One volume, large octavo, 632 pages, etc. By EMMA HARDINGE.

We shall wait with deep interest for this great work, knowing the ability of the author, and the vast resources that have been placed at her disposal by spirits and mortals. There can be no doubt that this will be a most valuable addition to the spiritual literature, a book which must find a place among the Spiritualists and liberal minded everywhere.

Mr. Hollings has made a three months' engagement in Philadelphia, and will give between forty and fifty lectures, all of which we intend to report for our paper. We believe the spirits who arrange these matters have planned this, in order that we might be able to lay this most valuable resume of our beautiful philosophy before the world.

Mr. H. is constantly employed in reading the proof of her new book, and comes over here from New York each week.

We rejoice to be in a position to present such lectures, and we need not say to the friends of our noble and true-hearted sister, all over the country, that this is an opportunity for them to secure these lectures. Mrs. H. will return to England in the early spring. It is probable that these reports will run through the entire year, and any one of them is worth a year's subscription.

ALICE CHADBURN

Writes under date of August 10th, enclosing \$3.00 for the JOURNAL. She neither gave State, County, nor Post Office. The letter has remained on file awaiting some complaint, and we are becoming quite impatient.

THE DAYSPORTS

Will be in the city on the 15th of this month, and will hold a series of seances, demonstrating in a conclusive manner the power of spirits to return and make themselves known to the children of earth. Skeptics as well as believers should attend these exhibitions.

MAIL BOBBERY.

We desire our readers to bear in mind that when the sum of three dollars is to be paid to this office, the expense of the Post Office order, TEN CENTS, or the expense of registering—FIFTY CENTS, may be deducted from the amount to be remitted.

OPENING OF LYCEUM HALL AT RICHMOND.

Lyceum Hall will be formally opened and dedicated to humanity on the 28th of December, 1860. The yearly meeting of the local society will commence Christmas morning, and on the next day (Sunday) William Donisthorpe will deliver the opening discourse. The Lyceum will give a fine exhibition one evening of the yearly meeting. Friends from all parts of the country are cordially invited to attend, as a pleasant and interesting time is anticipated. For further particulars, address,

KATIE BROWN, Secretary.

OCT. 23, 1860.

OBITUARY.

PASSED TO THE SUMMER-LAND, on Aug. 29th, 1860, our Mother, Mrs. Sally D. Hamilton, aged sixty eight years, fourteen days.

Mrs. H. had been a cripple and in poor health many years, gradually declining until congestion closed the physical career.

She was not a confirmed Spiritualist, yet quite conversant with and friendly to it, and on the afternoon of her exit, was described, with friends around her, as resting in an easy chair, wreathed with strange flowers that read, "Paradise is lost but found—all that I desire—am as satisfied," which subsequently, by her request, was made the text of the funeral address, delivered by ELLIOT A. WARREN. She often communicated to us, says she now understands the resurrection, and comprehends our ideas of it.

How comforting to those left to know she is not dead, only gone before!

BORN INTO THE SPIRIT FORM; Sept. 18th, Mrs. Anna O. Bailey, aged 22 years, 11 months, 13 days.

Mrs. Bailey had long been the Musician to our Lyceum, and played her last Sunday two weeks before her demise. She was a true Spiritualist, noble, kind and generous, sympathizing with the poor and distressed everywhere, living in the knowledge of the existence and communion of those gone before; she longed to escape the trials of life and join them.

She leaves two little boys—one only a week old—a husband, mother, brother, and friends, to mourn her early departure.

Funeral at Spiritualist's Church. Brother A. Warren, speaker.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

DR. WM. H. JOSEPHY,
The Healer and Clairvoyant, can be consulted at the Morton House, 114, South Franklin, near Washington St., (formerly the St. Cloud House). Dr. Josephy has been practicing sixteen years past with success. Address Chicago, Illinois. Vol. 1, No. 5.—12c.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF ONIETA, "INDIAN". Control of J. WILLIAM VAN NAMER, from a Drawing by Wells Anderson. Will be sent by mail on receipt of postage. Price 25c. Address S. S. Jones, 192, South Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

DR. WM. CLARK'S VEGETABLE SYRUP.
Editor JOURNAL—Having by me a bottle of Dr. Wm. Clarke's Vegetable Syrup, prepared by Mrs. Jessie W. Danforth, and hearing that the husband of our milk-woman, had been long confined to his room from the effects of a fall from a building, which injured his side, some year and a half since. Suffering with pains from internal tumors, I sent him the bottle of the said syrup, with directions to have it bathed with hot salt water, and by a healthy colored woman, and to rub the syrup internally. The result of which was that in less than ten days, he was out and at his work [that of a

carpenter]. His wife, a devout Catholic, said, "he had spent quite 1000 up for doctor, with no good result; but having faith in good Spirits, she would try this."

His name is McCarthy and he lives in this place, No. 118 Prospect St. Yours truly.

A. S. LAPPIN PEPPER.

Georgetown, D. C., January 7th, 1860.

LECTURE IN RHYME,
THE PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE.

By Mrs. F. A. LOOMIS.

An Exceedingly Entertaining and Instructional Lecture for Large and highly Interested Audiences in different parts of the country.

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AND BEAUTY IN THE SPANISH WORK.

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A relation of the extraordinary visitation of departed spirits of distinguished men and women of nations, as manifested through the living bodies of the spirits of Washington, Franklin, Paul, Stephen Girard, Tyron, Peter, Rev. George Compton, General Harrison, St. L. M. and others, and the visitation of the spirits of the great men and women of the past, who take possession of, and discourse through, the living bodies of the "Shakers" of New England, giving a history of their labors and sufferings, of their life and death, and of their opinions concerning their life and death.

In a book, in form, book published and sold for sale by L. O. Thomas, No. 1127 State St., Philadelphia, and may be obtained of booksellers and newsdealers generally.

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Frontier Department

E. V. WILSON.

Notice to Correspondents and Others.

All letters, papers and matter for us or the Frontier Department, must be addressed to E. V. Wilson, Lombard, DuPage County, Illinois.

We speak in Michigan every night during October.

Our Engagements in Michigan.

NUMBER THREE.

Then came another, a woman, full of joy and truth. She was beautiful beyond language to describe—her soul full of joy. Came to the man, William, by whom the father stood, enveloping him in a mantle of light, and we heard her say:

"Husband mine, I greet thee from the Summer Land, from thy beautiful home beyond the rolling river, and bless thee for thy kindness and love; bless you in your new joy, with your young companion. May your house be a house of love, full of peace. Wait a little, and mother will come from you to us;" and then this spirit woman cast her light upon a sister of hers, Mrs. Charlotte Hunter, after which we gave a minute description of both the man and woman, asking,

"Sir, do you identify these spirits?"

The strong man in a subdued voice replied,

"It is father and my first wife," and there came from the audience that long, intensified, cautiously expressed breath of relief, that spoke louder than words. "Thank God, He is true."

There was no noisy demonstration. It was too sacred. We felt and knew that the angels were present with us, and heaven was close at hand.

NUMBER THREE.

There came two soldiers, those that came last night. This time they came in full uniform—the sergents of their company, and full of joy. They stood by the side of their earth father, saying,

"Father, we are not dead, but living and full of joy. Arza and William are with you, loving you as of old. Blessings will shower around you, and your age we will fill with joy. Bless you, father and mother."

And the father and mother wept.

We then described the two sergeants carefully, and the people said, "We knew them."

NUMBER THREE.

There came a beautiful girl, the spirit of Mary Pearson. We identified her mother, gave her age when she left the form, and the time she has been there.

This communication was one of those thrilling, sensational facts that moves human nature into the acceptance of principles.

Mary, the spirit, bade us say to her mother, as near as we can recollect:

"Mother, mine, the merry laugh of the little child, the patter of little feet, are no longer heard along the royal walks of my heavenly home. The memories of the seven bright summers I stayed with you in your earth home, are bright and fresh in my youthful mind. Now the thoughts of a woman fill my soul, for the child of the past, the loved of former days, now budding into womanhood, greets you with love from her home divine. Carry to the dear ones in the old home, sweet memories and love from me, for my soul goes forth to them in the fullness of its heaven cultured nature, this evening, and the angel, once the loving little child, now the fully developed woman from the sphere of angel life, thy child and daughter, yet remembers the loved ones of the old earth home—mother, father, sister, mine, blessings gathered around you, making your earth life true and beautiful, and by and by, resulted in the Summer land, our joy will be the joy of angels; and now, farewell—not forever, but for a little while farewell, I-a-e-r-e-w-e-l-l-i," came floating back from her angel home, like the last cadence of the colian lyre, moved by the impulse of the retreating air, and Mary had gone home; and after which from the people came the long breath of satisfaction, the unspoken wish that it may be true, and then the call upon Mrs. Pearson:

"Madam, is this true? Have you lost a daughter? Was her name Mary? and do the dots agree with your knowledge of the girl?"

Then the mother stood forth, tall of womanly joy and love, and in a clear ringing voice said,

"Men and women, it is true—my child, my Mary and the holy memories of her baby days, the seven bright summers she was with us in our earth home. I came many miles for this test—and thank God I have it." And the people were full of the spirit of Heaven.

Batavia, Kane Co., Ill.

Dear readers, have you ever been in the pleasant little village of Batavia, situated on both sides of Fox river, seven miles above Aurora? It is a nice country town to live in, and surrounded by a fine farming country as America's borders. In fact the Fox river valley, from Ottawa to Algonquin will in the future, be like the Hudson river of N.Y., in everything save steam navigation. Already palatial residences dot its shores, and beautiful gardens line its banks, with many cities and villages, already teeming with life. Inside of a sharp day's travel by Dexter, we have Ottawa, Oswego, Aurora, Batavia, Geneva, St. Charles, Clinton, Elgin, Dundee and Algonquin.—Are cities and five villages.

Batavia has long been noted for its conservatism and blue theology. Here the love of heaven has dominated through the fear of hell. We lectured here on Thursday and Friday evenings, July 29th and 30th, to full houses, giving many fine readings of character, incidents of life and joys from spirit-life, among which we may mention the test reading of Mr. Merrill, a prominent citizen, who was put forward as a test subject. We saw and described many spirits. The people were very reticent in identifying, and yet we found that most of the spirits we saw were recognized, by some that were present. We gave our usual challenge to debate our great question, but without a response. Closing up our lectures Friday night we called the attention of the audience to the fact that our challenge had not been accepted; that we had courted controversy; gave them the right to question us, that the notice of the lectures had long been before the public, and that the defendants had failed to put an appearance, therefore we claimed judgment by default. On this declaration being made, a man from the rear of the house, called out in an authoritative tone of voice:

"Where will you be tomorrow and Sunday?"

We answered, "In Aurora."

"When can you debate the question you have challenged for debate?"

We answered, "Any three or four week day evening after the second Sunday in September."

next. We will discuss this resolution with any minister of the Gospel of good standing, and in charge of a congregation here in Batavia, under Parliamentary usages,—viz.

Resolved: That the Bible, King James' version sustains modern Spiritualism, in all its teachings and phases."

At this, the man very pompously came forward to the platform, held his hand out to us, saying somewhat sententiously:

"Do you know me?"

"No; and yet you look a little like Elder Grant."

"Wilcox, do you remember me?"

"Of Beaver Dam, Wis."

"Yes."

"We remember you. We held a discussion with you there, on which occasion you demanded a judgment and got one, did you not?"

"The judgment was called for on the other side."

"Not a bit of it. The mayor of Beaver Dam—sided you—called for the judgment and got it."

After this, the following conversation took place:

WILCOX.—On Monday and Tuesday evenings, I intend to deal some deadly and vigorous blows against these wicked and insidious thoughts on the Bible, and against the religion of Jesus, uttered by this man during the past two evenings! If it is possible for me to secure the use of this hall."

WILCOX.—The Lion is gone you will play dog and bark. You first ascertain that we are to leave, and then threaten what you will do. We gave the challenge early Thursday evening, offered the use of the hall, came to the hall this afternoon, waited for the enemy and you came not. We again repeat the challenge. Dare you debate?

WILCOX.—We take exceptions to King James' Bible, for every reader knows full well that it is full of errors and contradictions, and does not represent the true meaning of the original Greek and Hebrew.

REV. MR. HUBBARD, BAPTIST.—That's so, and we can sustain it, Wilcox. Besides the Christian Union published the fact to the world not long ago that there were twenty thousand errors, contradictions and mistakes in King James' version of the Bible, hence I object to discussing a question of this importance, rested on uncertain authority.

WILCOX.—You do? Then the Bible is not the Bible. This book or history that you, the clergy, have been stuffing us with for the last eighteen hundred years, and more particularly since King James' version became the standard word of God, contains twenty thousand contradictions, grammatical errors and falsehoods, and you are afraid of your own authority, and wish to fall back on an unknown tongue, which the people do not understand. That will not do, sir. Come to time and again affirm the resolution. You dare not take it up.

WILCOX.—I deny, and will debate, but do not wish to confine myself to the Bible, King James' version, for every reader knows that it is not correctly received.

REV. MR. HUBBARD.—That is so, and we can sustain it.

WILCOX.—Will you take up the challenge, and debate?

HUBBARD.—I will take care of you, sir, and come in at the right time when the discussion is on hand.

WILCOX.—You will undertake a flank movement? Try it; we can carry both of you in the palm of our hand, and not feel your weight:

HUBBARD.—(Rising) In great excitement and coming forward on to the platform. We accept the Bible, the word of God and the blessed word of Jesus and pin our faith to its divine teachings, and while we confess that we have listened to many grand and sterling truths, we have heard a great deal of infidelity, and at the proper time we will meet this question fairly. (Then laying his hand and consecrated hand on our shoulder he delivered an exordium to God and his Jesus in praise of the Bible, with its twenty thousand false statements and errors. There we stood, like Jesus between Judas and Peter, the one ready to betray and the other ready to deny,)—Wilcox on our right denying the validity of the Bible, and railing at our discourse; Hubbard on our left, acknowledging Wilcox's statement to be true, and at the same time, seeking to be remembered when we come into our kingdom.

WILCOX.—Why this exordium? Why all this talk? Gentlemen, this book is or is not the Bible. Accept the challenge and fight it out on this line or hold your peace—which will you do? Answer.

WILCOX.—I deny, and if this hall can be obtained for Monday and Tuesday evenings, I will deal the terrible infidelity such vigorous blows and telling ones, until B. trembles.

WILCOX.—Coward like do your fighting when the enemy is far away. If you are a man, you will accept the resolution, and meet us in September here in this city. We can attend to you both on the days referred to.

WILCOX.—We will take the matter under consideration.

WILCOX.—Please do so and let us know at once. You will find us by letter addressed to E. V. Wilson, Lombard, DuPage Co., Ill., and thus our meeting closed. There was much excitement and a great deal of interest, and a general desire for the discussion to come off—we shall see.

Say, Christians honestly, is there twenty thousand errors, mistakes, contradictions and falsehoods in your Bible?

"Should have appeared some time ago, but was crowded out by other matter. ED. JOURNAL."

Gleanings from the Detroit Press.

They are beautiful in sentiment and utter a volume of the thoughts to r. d. i. e. minds: (1)

The following tender remarks were written on the back of a ticket taken at the door on a night of a rare lecture by Miss Dickinson:

"In love with Miss Anna E. Dickinson, and a strong believer in Woman's Rights: and has drilled my wife for 30 years. At last she is bound to vote."

The will of Benjamin Chamberlain, of Randolph, N.Y., has been upset by a court because he gave his family \$40,000 and bequeathed \$300,000 to religious purposes, which the court decided he could not rightly do.

Methodist papers in England are gravely discussing the question whether local preachers do right in making use of the velocipede in reaching their houses of worship on the Sabbath. The judgment seems to be that it is better to walk than to ride, where it is practicable, but that the bicycle should be used in preference to the horse.

On the accession of Henry VII (1509) not a cabbage, turnip, or other edible root grew in England. The average duration of human life was not one-half as long as at the present time.

"Where will you be to-morrow and Sunday?"

We answered, "In Aurora."

"When can you debate the question you have challenged for debate?"

We answered, "Any three or four week day evening after the second Sunday in September."

The American Eagle is in peril. The noble bird is about to be annihilated. The Lion and Dragon is becoming enraged. The danger upon us is a "Yankee Curse," in Hawaii gives timely warning, in these words:

"The Lion at present is sleeping. He now feels that picking of the Eagle's back. At an unexpected moment he will awake, and the "tearing to pieces" will be dreadful. God, our compatriot, will aid our holy cause."

Rev. Charles Wallace Howard has been engaged by Superintendent Hulbert, of Georgia, to make a thorough survey of the Southern slope of Lookout Mountain in search of iron, coal and Petroleum oil.

William Tracey is the name of an estimable keeper who has just been dismissed from a Yorkshire insane asylum because it was his duty to give a patient a warm bath he depicted the task to two lunatics who boiled the man to death.

The J. suits are accused of throwing the ink on the statues in front of the new Paris opera house.

A Scotch clergyman, in the recent drought, one Sunday offered prayer for rain; and sure enough, it came just as the services closed. Mrs. Old lady who had no umbrella with her, commenced to gather the skirts of her gown over her head before quitting the church vestibule, at the same time remarking to a neighbor, "Eh, wumman, isn't it to bad of the doctor? He might have gotten us home first."

The days of superstition are not yet over. Mrs. Mille Hays, a white woman of Nashville, has sued out a warrant against a negro woman named Eliza Childress, to prevent her conjuring her.

Blackwood says the salvation "How do you do?" really means "Ho ho do you thrive?" the second "do" being really the obsolete Saxon word "dow," meaning to thrive.

At the recent Horticultural Fair in Norwich, Conn., a beautiful floral design was exhibited, with a motto on the card "Jesus wept." An ingenious compositor printed it "Jules Webb."

Students at Harvard, College who do not pass Sunday at home must hereafter attend public worship at least once on Sunday, at the College Chapel or some church in the vicinity. Attendance upon the daily devotional exercises in the chapel is also compulsory.

The Schools disclaims any political ambition and repudiates the doctrines of Mrs. Stanton and Anna Dickinson.

NOTICE OF MEETINGS.

The Argus, Ohio.—Children's Progressive Lyceum meets every Saturday at 1 p.m. A. E. Morley, Conductor; Mrs. T. A. Yapp, Guardian; Mr. E. P. Coleman, Asst. Guardian.

ATLANTA, Ga.—Lyceum meets each Sabbath at 1 o'clock P.M. G. W. Webster, Conductor; Mr. H. B. Allensworth, Guardian.

ABERDEEN, Mich.—Regular Sunday meetings at 10:45 A.M. and 7 p.m. in City Hall, Main street. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets every Saturday at 12 m. Dr. F. W. Farnsworth, Conductor; Mrs. H. W. Farwell, Guardian.

The First Society of Spiritualists meets every Sunday at 10:45 A.M. and 7 p.m. in the Temperance Hall, Market street. Lecture at 10:45 o'clock a.m. and 7 p.m. Conference at 3 p.m.

NEWARK, N. J.—Spiritualists and Friends of Progress hold meetings every Sunday in Everett Hall, corner of Fourth and Broad streets, at 10:45 a.m. and 7 p.m. Conference at 3 p.m.

WILLISTON, N. H.—The Spiritualists hold meetings every Saturday at 10:45 a.m. and 7 p.m. in the Police Court Room. Seats free. E. A. Beaver, President; S. Pushee, Secretary.

NEW YORK CITY.—The Society of Progressive Spiritualists holds meetings every Sunday at 10:45 a.m. and 7 p.m. in Everett Hall, corner of 8th and West 26th street. Lecture at 10:45 o'clock a.m. and 7 p.m. Conference at 3 p.m.

New York.—The Friends of Humanity meet every Sunday at 10:45 a.m. and 7 p.m. in Everett Hall, corner of 8th and West 26th street. Lecture at 10:45 o'clock a.m. and 7 p.m. Conference at 3 p.m.

NEW YORK CITY.—The Friends of Progress hold meetings every Sunday at 10:45 a.m. and 7 p.m. in Everett Hall, corner of 8th and West 26th street. Lecture at 10:45 o'clock a.m. and 7 p.m. Conference at 3 p.m.

NEW YORK CITY.—The Friends of Progress hold meetings every Sunday at 10:45 a.m. and 7 p.m. in Everett Hall, corner of 8th and West 26th street. Lecture at 10:45 o'clock a.m. and 7 p.m. Conference at 3 p.m.

NEW YORK CITY.—The Friends of Progress hold meetings every Sunday at 10:45 a.m. and 7 p.m. in Everett Hall, corner of 8th and West 26th street. Lecture at 10:45 o'clock a.m. and 7 p.m. Conference at 3 p.m.

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Original Essays.

EXPLANATORY.

The Nature of God.

LETTER FROM J. B. FERGUSON.

MY DEAR SIR:—In a well written article in your ably conducted JOURNAL of the 30th ultimo, presented to your readers under the name of F. B. Dowd, my attention has been called by a friend to the following sentence: "J. B. Ferguson, in a lecture in St. Louis in 1865, said, 'In the absolute there is no God, but in the relative there are many, and much more of the same nonsense, which was swallowed by his Spiritualistic hearers with great relish.'"

Allow me, dear sir, to express my surprise that any man could so misrepresent any utterance of mine, and especially that one was sent an earnest and sincere thinker who, while laboring to give distinctness to his own thoughts on divinity, should so misrepresent another, and as it appears to me, without temptation—certainly without provocation.

It is true that no man can remember the precise words of an extempore address, delivered eighteen months since, and when he delivers so many. But I can most truly say that Mr. Dowd never heard such an utterance from my lips, either in public or private. Nay, most unfeelingly, I must affirm that neither has any living man ever heard an expression conveying the idea he attributes to me; and I have no way to account for the misconception. I am sure that I have often used the following expressions, and may have done so in the address to which he refers, he taking them out of context.

Very frequently in presenting the idea of a universal divinity, co-existent with life and all its conditions, I have said: "An abstraction is nothing. God is an abstraction" is nothing; but, as on intuition, God is all in all! He is everything, and in everything."

Here, using "abstract" for "absolute," he doubtless not only misunderstood my meaning, but, most, indeed, have strangely regarded the inconsistency of my argument, for it was wholly devoted to the elimination of the thought that God is in man and man in God, in contradistinction to all mere abstractions on the one hand, and defined creation on the other. I trust, therefore, in his own mind, he will excuse me for all such "nonsense."

And, sir, without respect further to your correspondent's charge, allow me to state briefly my realizations in the direction that this greatest of truths leads. For with me, God is neither defined nor created. To me, God is there, is that which can never be defined—which no man can express. Why? Because that which can be defined and which we call God, is the definition of everything else. Whenever, therefore, we define Deity, we necessarily have something less, therefore, not God the Indefinite. All creeds are based upon this notion. To me, the undefinable, and in this view I am often compelled, that whoever defines him, loses him; the very definition, i.e. if considered good or otherwise, blasts the idea of God—that is to say, it is not God, but less, whenever we limit the Divine. And hence the self-sufficiency that limits the universal or denies the particular, as well as the infinite. In action as it is fallacious in reasoning. This is, indeed, a matter of matter, not an emotion of soul that can be traced to cause without leading us into the realm undefined. I move my hand. Physiology tells me that my brain moved my nerves, my nerves my bones and muscles. But what moved my brain? Do we not say, "God moved it." Is it God? Is it? Thus God is in all; in every part, in proportion of the whole, while He is absolutely the whole; admitting of no condition; subjected to no cause; within the comprehension of a universe of universes, heading no bound, so bounded in extent, as measureless in depth.

Men do not often trace their emotions; but, what ever may be the external occasion which they generally mistake for cause, the cause lies in the hidden, the unseen. Hence sentimentally, most men believe in God, professedly, they do not. They must receive according to the light given. Who can tell of the secret of all this? At least, I can. Again I say, it is folly to argue to a divine God, is, indeed, a part of Divinity—but a part is not the whole. Man is an indissoluble, inseparable part; still he is not God only as drops make the ocean, sand the shore! No single drop is the ocean; but every drop is water, and could one drop be separated from the rest, the rest might be. A just appreciation of this indissolubility, would lead us to that overconfidence in all our feelings, in fact, in all experience. If he is a drop, he is not the ocean, though an equal part of the whole, and we should always bear in mind—he is a part, without which the whole is not a whole. For this detachment of the drop, we are led to the source of all error, through small we may be, is liable to the Hand of Destiny and Infamy.

The sign on a sign post, the dog on a dog post, the man in God, and God in man, causes any man truthfully and devoutly to say, as did the man of Nazareth, "I and my Father are one," and with equal truth, add, "My Father is greater than I." Man is individualized from the Central Being of Creation, and He is a drop in the ocean. And right here, can we not see that overconfidence in all our feelings, in all experience. If he is a drop, he is not the ocean, though an equal part of the whole, and we should always bear in mind—he is a part, without which the whole is not a whole. For this detachment of the drop, we are led to the source of all error, through small we may be, is liable to the Hand of Destiny and Infamy.

Thus, kind friend, in correcting Mr. Dowd's mistake, I indulge an impulse to induce a brief expression of my recognition of the divine. Thirty years of public and private teaching, study, work, and amusement, have led to the spiritual belief that God is the common possession of a sound humanity; and it is only man's conception of himself that attempts to abrogate his brother's conception of his own rights. Every page of human history is blackened and blotted by this attempt to dominate, to enslave, to enslave, and to become unrelenting because it is ever a suppression of thought and a detournement of reason.

There is but one right in the universe—it is the right of God in man; infallible to him, but to him only, and whenever su remissus he surrenders his right for a moment, he loses the right of God in him. He tells me who ever comprehended his self? How can he comprehend his God? And if it be impossible, were his assumptions of superiority in divine claim, divine faith, or divine authority above any, even the so-called lowest? What disease does the one base the other upon? Or is it a false base, the other told, and in the very nature of the case, a falsehood? Any to claim what is not the equal inheritance of all. God in man, undivided and undefinable, bequeaths one universal right, distributing its general dominion of thought, feeling and emotion upon all alike. The differences are only differences of degree, and not of kind, between the various forms of earthly humanity. No man has a God, all have some God; and it is only man's conception of himself that attempts to abrogate his brother's conception of his own rights.

It is curious to note the two ways which the Christian's God makes the following requests of his followers, showing the importance of reason in his estimation, "Come and let us reason together; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." By this passage the idea is conveyed that the most horrid and bloody crimes would be freely pardoned if people would come and reason with their Lord God of heaven and earth. And it would be supposed that every Christian would exert himself to establish the laws regulating reason in the assemblies of men, so that they could reason together without a mistake; but they have not established any such rule; neither has their God, and all assemblies that wish to reason together, have to adopt the civilian's legislative rules that have been established by the reason of man, after long experience and many observations.

The wisdom of adopting these rules was manifested by the sessions being so orderly that the most critical were obliged to confess that our convention was an honor to the delegates present, and to the cause they are presented; and as a consequence, we may expect fewer of those scurrilous attacks upon Spiritualists and Spiritualism by their friends and foes, than before; and that Christians, however anxious they may be to condemn us for disbelief, will think twice before they do it as unspiringly as did their Christ condemn those who disagreed with him. And the critics of this day, who imitate the ancient one in calling people the children of the devil, who dispute with them and become belligerent and disorderly, will see that among civilians, or is heaven's law, and that it can not be a very heavenly spirit that induces them to be belligerent and disorderly.

It is curious to note the two ways which the Christian's God of gods designates the ways of salvation—one if you will reason, and the other if you will believe without reason; and often hear them say there is but one name given among men by which they could be saved. What name is that—reason of Christ? Civilization is in such high esteem on either name, and think it requires more than reason with God and man, to purify and make snow-white the murderer dipping with the blood of his victim; it requires a great many good works based upon the purest intentions.

From all these facts, it is plain that Christians promise great rewards for little goodness, and great condemnation for little sin, so as to induce people to come into their ranks, while civilians claim that every reward and punishment is just in proportion to the good works done, and the sins committed under natural laws; and Spiritualists find the same is true of the spiritual law—each one is rewarded according to their words, be they good or evil.

Are the American people asleep or insane? Are we bent on self-destruction and is our experiments of self-government to prove a miserable failure? Has eighty odd years of prosperity, such as this world never before saw, made idiots or demons of us, or both? It is possible for us to be blind to the fact that our present course is leading us with rapid strides to certain destruction? If so, by continuing in it, we will soon make the discovery! Is the universe a monarchy or a republic? a despotism or a democracy? Are the powers of government derived from the consent of the governed or from a power that is independent of them, the belief in which, has ever made this world a charnel house, elevated the few at the expense of the many and divided its inhabitants in thousands of warring sects? In answer to these questions, we are told by those who claim to be residents of some of the older planets of our solar family, that all laws are universal in their application; that the same system of birth, growth and decay which exists in their outskirts, apply with equal force to planets themselves; that solar systems are represented in families of parents and children; that the

same relation exists between the older and younger planets in any system, that exists between the older and younger children of the family; that the same parental care that is necessary to sustain and restrain the younger members of the family, is equally necessary in families of planets; that as the older children outgrow the necessity of parental care, set up for themselves and take the place of their parents by becoming parents themselves; that the tree never cuts itself; that mercury and venus in our solar family, are yet in their childhood, and need necessary parental restraint, while the earth is passing from childhood to maturity as the older planet has done; that our Republic is among the first fruits of the plant that is taking place. It was sufficiently advanced in the necessary intelligence to understand the position we have assumed, we shall see the necessity of depending on our own resources to sustain us instead of childish dependence on parental care, and on this depends our success or failure in our experiment of self-government. Our calling on Jove or God for assistance, is a repetition of the child calling on his parents for support when he is better able to support himself. These views we expect will become digested and scattered at, being the standing argument against all innovations of popular belief, since the rack and thumb screws have gone out of date, and is illustrated in the opposition that has ever followed all new discoveries, as the motion of the earth, gravitation, the circulation of the blood, the use of steam, the telegraph, and the continued existence of those who have passed to the other side. One thing seems certain, it is in harmony with the organic laws by which we exist as individuals, whether accepted or rejected, and as such we submit it. And now, Brother Jones, you will please accept our thanks for the kindness you have manifested in allowing us to express our views through the columns of your JOURNAL, when so much at variance with your own, and the generally received opinions of mankind, while other journals who are loud mouthed in their professions of liberality, have consigned them to the oblivion of the waste basket, although ever ready to publish them when as formerly more in harmony with their own.

Westfield N. Y.
For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
NATIONAL CONVENTION.
BY H. S. BROWN, M. D.
NUMBER FIVE.

HAVING just returned from the National Spiritualist Convention held at Buffalo, New York, I think it will be profitable to make a few observations about its actions. All the delegates were anxious to have a good, orderly, profitable convention that would be an honor to the cause as well as to the persons present. All the delegates were familiar with the general principles that guide Christians and civilians in their assemblies, that they may reason together; yet no person in the assembly proposed the Christian rules for our guide, but the vote was unanimous for the civilians rules.

The Christian's God makes the following requests of his followers, showing the importance of reason in his estimation, "Come and let us reason together; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." By this passage the idea is conveyed that the most horrid and bloody crimes would be freely pardoned if people would come and reason with their Lord God of heaven and earth. And it would be supposed that every Christian would exert himself to establish the laws regulating reason in the assemblies of men, so that they could reason together without a mistake; but they have not established any such rule; neither has their God, and all assemblies that wish to reason together, have to adopt the civilian's legislative rules that have been established by the reason of man, after long experience and many observations.

The wisdom of adopting these rules was manifested by the sessions being so orderly that the most critical were obliged to confess that our convention was an honor to the delegates present, and to the cause they are presented; and as a consequence, we may expect fewer of those scurrilous attacks upon Spiritualists and Spiritualism by their friends and foes, than before; and that Christians, however anxious they may be to condemn us for disbelief, will think twice before they do it as unspiringly as did their Christ condemn those who disagreed with him. And the critics of this day, who imitate the ancient one in calling people the children of the devil, who dispute with them and become belligerent and disorderly, will see that among civilians, or is heaven's law, and that it can not be a very heavenly spirit that induces them to be belligerent and disorderly.

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Milwaukee, Wis.

CALIFORNIA.
Description of the Country.

LETTER FROM O. S. ABBOTT.

DEAR SIR:—Of the many distinguished Eastern citizens who have recently visited the Pacific Coast, Gov. Seward and party are the only ones who have come down to witness our lovely climate and see the tropical fruits growing luxuriantly in the same garden with the fruit of their Northern home. Here the olive, almond, English walnut, apricot, nectarine, fig, prune, plum, grape, apple, peach, pear, orange and lemon grow as thrifly, and bear as abundantly as blackberries in Michigan. The writer had the pleasure of escorting the party to the big grapevine, four miles east of our little city, where they were served with a good supply of fruit from the large vine on the Western Hemisphere. This tree is said to have been four years in attaining its present gigantic proportions. By actual measurement it was found to be fifty inches around the upper part of the trunk, and that its branches cover an arbor 60 by 65 feet, and held by estimate six tons of finer grapes than the East usually produces.

Our winters are so mild that we seldom see frost, and the delicate tropical fruits are as hardy here in Santa Barbara as crab-apples in

Missouri. Our summers are so cool for a southern climate that we seldom see the mercury above eighty five. There are probably not a dozen days in the year when it is not above sixty, and below seventy five a good portion of the time. The nights are usually ten or fifteen degrees cooler.

We raise from fifty to one hundred and twenty-five bushels of corn per acre, and the frost never cuts it. Sweet potatoes have been dug, the vines recovered, and if desirable, we can spend Christmas in digging the second crop.

Butchers slaughter fat cattle from the grass the year round. We are not forced to work as people do in colder climates. There is more leisure time for reading, reflection, and recreation. The large prairies out our gardens are always in bloom, and our fields are mantled with green while your prairies are shrouded in snow. Two year old peach trees are loaded with fruit, and young pear trees are breaking down. Larvae trees have two be whipped to prevent the fruit from trimming them. Please thank the medium who described this country to me. He was remarkably correct.

Santa Barbara, California.

MISSOURI.

on the other shore and join the holy bands of sages in their exalted work of elevating mankind.

Federal Hill, Erie, Pa., Oct. 3d, 1869.

WISCONSIN.

Proceedings of the Southern Wisconsin Spiritualists Association Convention.

Pursuant to a published call, the Spiritualists of Southern Wis. met at the Court House in the city of Racine, on the 2nd and 3rd of October,

The convention was organized by electing H. S. Brown, M. D., of Milwaukee, temporary chairman, and S. U. Hamilton, of Beloit, temporary Secretary.

On motion of J. M. Trowbridge, of Racine, it was

Resolved: That we, the Spiritualists of Southern Wisconsin, form ourselves into a body to be known as the Southern Wisconsin Spiritualists Association.

A preamble and constitution was presented and accepted, discussed and adopted.

On motion, it was agreed to proceed to the election of permanent officers of the Association; result:

For President, Mrs. Palma J. Roberts, of Racine; Vice President, H. S. Brown, M. D., of Milwaukee; Secretary, J. M. Trowbridge, of Racine; Treasurer, Mrs. Mary A. Brown, of Milwaukee.

On motion, a Business Committee for this convention was appointed, of S. U. Hamilton, P. L. Tolles and Mary J. Wilcoxson.

On motion, a Committee on Finance was appointed, of Mr. Williams, of Darien, Mrs. Trowbridge, of Racine, and Mrs. Addie L. Ballou. A Committee on Resolutions was also appointed, of J. M. Trowbridge, Geo. S. Jones and Mrs. A. Keyser, of Burlington.

On motion, adjourned to 2 o'clock p.m.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

Met pursuant to adjournment. President in the chair.

On motion, the following Resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Resolved: That we app int three delegates, to attend the next meeting of the Northern Wisconsin Association.

Mrs. Mary A. Brown, of Milwaukee; Mrs. E. C. M. Ladd, of Sager Creek, and J. M. Trowbridge, of Racine, were appointed as such delegates.

The committee on resolutions reported several which elicited a warm discussion, when they were adopted.

The Committee on Order of Business, reported order of exercises to be: Meet at 7 o'clock, conference for one hour, then speaking by Mrs. M. J. Wilcoxson and Addie L. Ballou.

Adjourned accordingly.

EVENING SESSION.

S. U. Hamilton read a poem entitled, "The things that never die."

Bro. J. M. Trowbridge was called for, and responded in his usual forcible style.

Bro. S. U. Hamilton gave some very interesting facts of his varied experience.

Eight o'clock having arrived, Mrs. Wilcoxson came forward and said she was not going to give a lecture, but wanted to have a good talk with the multitude present. She held the audience as with mesmeric power, as she eloquently related some of her experience as a medium and lecturer. Mrs. Ballou followed in the same very interesting manner, and thus finished one of the most intensely interesting meetings not often the lot of mortals to be allowed to participate in.

Order of exercises for Sunday a.m.—Conference at 10 o'clock; address by Mrs. Wilcoxson at 11 o'clock.

Adjourned accordingly.

SUNDAY MORNING SESSION.

A funeral of the son of one of our band, a young man who was killed by falling from a building at Carlinville, Illinois, drew away many of our people.

No conference was held. At 11 o'clock the people having assembled, Mrs. Wilcoxson distributed copies of some harpsichord songs among the audience. One, "The Western Enigma," by Whittier, was sung by the audience to the stirring tune of "Coronation." Mrs. Wilcoxson becoming entranced, spoke eloquently from the words, "In the midst of life we are in death." She was listened to with marked attention and interest.

Adjourned to 2 o'clock p.m.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

Convened pursuant to adjournment. On motion, the following Resolutions were submitted and unanimously adopted:

Resolved: That we consider as members of this Association, all Spiritualists and others who are friendly to our cause, and residing within the boundaries of the Association.

Resolved: That each Quarterly meeting of this Association shall be considered a Mass meeting and not a delective society.

Resolved: That we adjourn, it to be met in Quarterly Convention on the first Saturday in January, at such place as the officers may hereafter designate.

The conference was opened by Brother J. M. Trowbridge, reading a poem from Gerald Massey, "Oward and Sainward."

Dr. Brown and Bro. Hamilton made some timely and highly appropriate remarks.

Bro. Dewey, a venerable man, told us of his exit from the dry dead husks of Orthodoxy for the living faith of Spiritualism. His remarks were very instructive and interesting.

Mrs. Wilcoxson spoke of the high influence of spirituality over the youth of our land, and related several incidents, interestingly illustrating her statements.

Bro. Trowbridge spoke of belief and its progress. Mrs. Chisholm being entreated by an Indian, "Silver B. W.", gave a report from her son, who has recently entered the Spirit.

A song, "The Angels Welcome," was sung, when Mrs. Addie L. Ballou addressed the large audience in a very eloquent manner, giving general satisfaction.

Adjourned to 7 o'clock p.m.

SUNDAY EVENING SESSION.

Mrs. Ballou opened the session by reading a poem, "There are no creeds in heaven."

Bro. S. U. Hamilton spoke of the influence extended, and the impetus given, their society for the promotion of the present condition of our country and the world.

Bro. Trowbridge made some appropriate remarks to his great increase of interest in the influence of this convention.

Mrs. Ballou, a delegate from the Northern Wisconsin Association, made a report of fraternal feeling and asking a vote.

The regular lecture of the evening was by Mr. M. J. Wilcoxson, in a trance, and from the words, "The sun shall be darkened, and the moon turned into blood." Making the audience listen to the present condition of our country and people, most eloquently were existing errors pointed out, and in burly words did she utter prophetic warning, which, if needed, may save much misery.

This ended the first meeting of the Southern Wisconsin Spiritualists Convention. In it we have an earnest future good to be accomplished. We have had a truly pentecostal season, and have received renewed strength to battle bravely and unceasingly against error of every form, and in favor of truth and right.

Mrs. P. J. ROBERTS, President.
J. M. THOWBRIDGE, Secretary.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
MEDIA; OR THE CHARMED LIFE:
A Story of Fact, Phenomena and Mystery.
BY GEORGE SOMERVILLE.

CHAPTER II.

"Facts are strange, stranger than fiction." "Coming events cast their shadows before."

CHAPTER V.

THE MISER AND HIS VICTIM.—THE JEWS PERPLEXITY.

A dark and rainy night in September, Abel Grims, all absorbed in speculative reverie, sat in his house, his only company being his old master, who, as his master had just partaken of his evening meal, looked up into the old man's face, with a longing expression for his share of the meagre repast.

"Ah! poor Caleb, you are too gluttonous, your master has lost too much money lately to afford you a sumptuous living." the miser Jew mutter'd, addressing himself to the hungry dog, who now arose and approached, and crouched low at the side of his master. But suddenly he pricked his ears and turned his attention toward the street entrance. Distinctly now the three peculiar raps were heard. The miser started and muttered half aloud, "It is he." He opened the door cautiously, and Dudley Clarendon stepped in saying,

"Well Seige, not dead yet?"

A peculiar tremor was perceptible in the Jew, as the sound addressed caused him to shudder. But regaining his self possession, he presently paid it off, and with a well-tilmed countenance, air requested the intruder to open his business.

"What is your wish sir?"

"Money," was the laconic reply.

"Sir, I am very poor, I have been robbed; robbed of many thousands of dollars," the miser pleaded.

"Ahem," Clarendon answered carelessly, "If you have so large a sum for burglars, you certainly can afford a small share for me; give me, will a thousand will serve at present?"

"I do not possess such a sum," Grims replied, with a rueful face.

"Procure it."

"I cannot."

"Let me have the money, or I'll use my power."

"False," Clarendon cried warmly, "You are deceiving me."

"Call to morrow, I will pay your demand," the Jew answered terrified.

"Caleb Seige, listen, 'tis the expiration of another month from the present, I must have those children, or by all that is dear, you shall forfeit your worthless life on the scaffold," Clarendon concluded with emotion.

Calling next day, he received the desired sum, and again admonishing the would-be murderer, to be prepared fully to comply with his request, he left him to his reflections.

The day following that, Abel Grims started for New York, in search of Media, whom he had sent to the care of his sister, but with whom the foolish Media could not live, therefore she left her soon after.

"Well Caleb, what brings you so soon again to our city?" this relative inquired of him, as he entered her presence somewhat hastily.

"To see Rachel, where is she?"

"I can scarcely tell."

"Why, has she left you?"

"Self-will, I was unable to do anything with her."

"I must see her. She must return with me to Philadelphia. Give me some clue to her whereabouts?"

"Indeed I cannot, Caleb."

He was in despair. A disgraceful death stared him in the face, and he hurried from the house with anxious heart, to find his late protege.

It was evening, and Caleb Seige was sitting once more in his solitary room in Philadelphia. The clock struck eight, and immediately after he was aroused by a low knock at the door. He arose and admitted, slowly, a young man of handsome, delicate countenance, his person clad in a suit of dark apparel, somewhat shabby. Accepting a proffered seat, for a moment without saying a word, he fixed his eyes sharply on the Jew.

"What is your business with me?" the Jew inquired politely.

CHAPTER VI.

"My business?" the stranger schred.

"Yes what do you wish in my line?"

"Money," was again the brief reply.

"What have you to give in exchange?"

"Alhem—information sir?"

The pawnbroker shuddered, as his mind reverted to Dudley Clarendon. He suspected another, who knowing his secret had come to extort money and thus purchase silence. He furtively glanced at the youthful stranger, a thrill passed quickly through the miser's veins, as he fancied he saw a marvellous resemblance of the countenance now before him, to that of Dudley Clarendon.

"Where is your daughter, sir?" the stranger inquired.

"Humph, I never had one."

"Mayhap, you speak truly, but tell me please, where Miss Rachel Grims is?"

"In New York."

"Wrong sir, she is not in New York."

"Where is she then?" Grims asked eagerly.

"Beyond your reach; but I come to solicit aid for her."

"Ha-ha! I want eh! Ah, then let her come to me."

"I will bring her, if you place the means within my hands."

"Ah, no! Ha! ha! She must come here herself, and I will assist her," the miser replied, with a chuckle of triumph.

"Perdition seize your narrow heart!" the stranger exclaimed, springing quickly to his feet and fixing a fiery glance on the stolid Jew, continued, "Will you assist me or must I force you?"

"Ah, have a care, young man. Do not threaten."

The stranger paused a moment, then said,

"You refuse to aid your daughter, do you?"

"No, but she must receive it at my bands," said Grims.

"You will never see her then," the stranger continued stepping to the door. "But beware of her vengeance—I warn you."

"Stay! exclaimed the old man." Tell me where she is?"

"No sir, I will not do that."

"But I must know. I will give you the sum you require, if you will bring her here."

"Then give me a hundred dollars, and you shall see her."

"For sure, will you swear it?"

"I will pledge you my word, my honor. Place the sum on that table and I will show you your daughter, Rachel."

The miser did so, though reluctantly and then the stranger casting off his shabby suit of male attire, our beautiful Media stood before the astonished Jew. Caleb Seige glared upon his suddenly transformed late protege with amazement, mingled with delight. At length she broke the spell and gathering up the cash, remarked,

"I have kept my promise, Mr. Seige."

"But Rachel," cried the delighted old man, "why have you deceived me so?"
"To obtain needed assistance."
"And why have you left your aunt?"
"She was not agreeable."
"You are too unyielding, Rachel!"
"Sir, my name is not Rachel!"
"A girl, you are mad—what is it then?"
"No, I am not mad, I am perfectly sane, Caleb Seige."

"What? Did I not forbid you calling me by that name, since we left Kensington," he passionately exclaimed.

"Yes sir, you did. But I care very little, if you like the name or not. I know more probably than you suppose, and as surely know that my name is not Rachel Seige."

"Ha, what is that other knowledge you have?"

"A secret, which I shall retain until its revelation will crush you; but I will see you again."

"Where do you live?"

"For five months to day. Five and twenty dollars."

"Make a receipt in full," said he, placing the money in my hand. Astonished at this, I reflected; I was not yet accustomed to meet with such pure disinterested unselfish friendship, and scarcely knew how to act in the matter. For an entire stranger to thus step forward and voluntarily pay the poor woman's rent, I glistened at him, and then toward the bed; the sick one afforded no explanation. I only heard the helpless woman thanking the angels for sending the timely relief. I pushed his money toward him, gave him my card, and requested him to call at the office and see him about it. He received the card, but insisted, in my attempt to withdraw it, that I do so at length, urging from him that at the office.

"Now, said he, 'Young man, I have a request to make of you, remain here until I order some fuel brought, and until I return with a physician.'

"I will do so," I replied, and the next moment he was gone and I was alone with the sick. I drew near to her and said, "Well, Mrs. Ry, you have found a friend to be with you."

"Oh, sir, I do not know; I only know he is a good man. Surely the angels have sent him."

"How long have you been sick?"
"Almost three weeks, 'tis now."

"Without assistance?"

"Entirely without any until now."

"Not even a Physician to see you?"

"Not one."

"Why did you not let us know, that you were in this helpless condition?"

"No one had I to send."

"Where was your little girl?"

"Taken sick ere I became so ill."

"I have none of your neighbors been in to see you?"

"None of them."

"This is hard—you must now receive some attention."

"My last speech was shortened by the opening of the door, and the stranger walking in with a pair of good blankets beneath his arm, followed indeed by a couple of our most effective mediums. A feather bed and a stove soon arrived, and the two sick ones were soon changed into a more comfortable condition. The magnetic influence of domestic power to head was now perceptible in the sudden reanimation of the sick. While the physician was proceeding, a kind of mild restlessness took hold of the patient; he now came out of his grave and prodded him, and snatched the coverlet over his head, and then again lay down. And so it was done, and while he lay there, the sick one, with a smile, said, "Anne, I have done your heart good, Anne, be behind."

"All produced by the sweet influence of the unknown."

"The gentlewoman who I have been privy to just now."

"One of nature's anomalies—just what I should have guessed of her. Her benevolent nature reveals the true in less of her analytic character."

"Yes, this is a noble nature, and his wife's life and fortune seems devoted to such tokens of kindness and worth as strive to keep his charities alive. In this he is execrable. The mere name of the graver and pravissor duster, and snatched the coverlet over his head, and while he lay there, the sick one, with a smile, said, "Anne, I have done your heart good, Anne, be behind."

"Thank you, Rundel; the same to you with all my heart," Anne answered feebly.

And there, in that gay throng, their hands were pressed with more than usual fervor and affection. It's a touch seemed to the blushing Anne the renewal and holy confirmation of all his warmest affection. It was not till "happy new year" that passed the pure virgin lips of Annie Rogers, unlike what is frequently spoken—it waked up from her warm earnest heart with all the decision of honest gray.

"The next moment her lover was by her side. His presence was hallowed by all infinite pleasure. Charles Orsay was passably handsome, lovely natured, and the life and soul of society. He was called socially the "Cambridge beauty" at that station was that of a charming street hatter."

Music soft and sweet again called me to the feet. And again bright eyes and jewels, as gaily whirled the bright, gay, wavy and wavy, sparkled and glittered like a fairy set of enchantment. Annie preferring not to join in the present set, herself and companion were soon mingling with other acquaintances round the happy room, and anon they were comparatively alone again, deeply enwrapped in conversation and song.

"So, you are seventeen to day, Annie?"
"So I believe," Annie replied easily.

"A happy anniversary this. The last night of the year. The old year blusters and strangles with old father time. He does skin, though sure, and by twelve o'clock to night, the way it now storms without, his winding sheet will be an ample shroud of snow. But when we shall welcome in the first hours of the new year right merrily."

"Media—glance toward the door—quick—the Count has arrived," whispered Annie to her friend, who blushing said: "Charles you mean."

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"The very soft shade—described or express'd the motion of a flower like that trembles in the instant."

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"Come, cousin Annie, you must cease this. It makes me feel strangely to hear you speak thus of another. Perhaps the first ringing of jealousy. How I dislike the very words. Yet you have made me feel very strongly."

"Ahem—have I—high—high," she sighed: "I believe, Randolph, I've been dreaming—dreaming of the loved ones, dear."

"Yes, a momentary sleep; and now, as you are so interested in the stranger, I will relate to you the circumstances under which I first met him."

"Oh, I should love much to hear them."

"It was one of the coldest days of last winter. I was collecting the rents of father's property, in the southern part of the city. I had nearly accomplished my task, and entered one of our poorest tenements, the occupant of which, a poor woman, had become greatly straitened in circumstances, and now owed us for several months. I entered the place, and it looked dreary enough. There was no carpet on the floor, nor a stove in the room; the furniture consisted of a small pine table, that had undergone some hard use, three or four broken wooden chairs greatly worn, and an old water bucket frozen with ice to the bottom. To ec-

omize in foul and bed clothing she had removed her bedding from the floor and thrown it to the fire. And here it was that I first met the Unknown. As I entered, he was standing near the middle of the room, conversing in anxious tones with the widow who was lying on the bed side. With the widow he had a little girl, also sick, and with scarcely sufficient courage to shield them from the piercing cold. A fire burned in the grate; it was true, but it was now dying out, consumeing the last of her fuel. He had listened patiently to her story of distress, and as I entered had arisen to his feet, about to depart, to make effort to further administer to the sick woman's comfort. He bowed to me respectfully, and as though he knew me.

"I presume, sir, you have called for your rent?" said he.

"Yes, sir, such is my business here."

"How much is there due you?"

"For five months to day. Five and twenty dollars."

"Make a receipt in full," said he, placing the money in my hand. Astonished at this, I reflected; I was not yet accustomed to meet with such pure disinterested unselfish friendship, and scarcely knew how to act in the matter. For an entire stranger to thus step forward and voluntarily pay the poor woman's rent, I glistened at him, and then toward the bed; the sick one afforded no explanation. I only heard the helpless woman thanking the angels for sending the timely relief. I pushed his money toward him, gave him my card, and requested him to call at the office and see him about it. He received the card, but insisted, in my attempt to withdraw it, that I do so at length, urging from him that at the office.

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S. N. JONES,
EDITOR, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

Late in the

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MOTION.

The Cause of Local Motion—The Diffusive Mind—Recapitulation.

Having given my reasons for rejecting these ideas of mind, I am now ready to introduce the question, What is mind? I answer, it is a substance—an element—as really as air or water, but differs materially from all other substances in being. I regard mind as a living and embodied force—that incomprehensible element whose nature it is to possess life and motion, as much as it is the nature of other substances to possess inertia. Hence, mind is—in these respects—nearly, life and motion—directly the opposite of dead matter.—Hold's lectures on Psychology.

This divine spirit, or, if I may so say, the divine mind of God which pervades all the realms of intelligent beings, and which is the atmosphere that the soul is to breathe—the medium of its light, the stimulus of its life—acts in the first place as a general excitement. It develops the whole nature of man by rousing it to life. We are familiar with the gradations of excitement.—Henry Ward Beecher.

In our last article we spoke of the various conditions of matter, assuming therein certain positions in reference thereto, and in this article we propose to elaborate still further.

First, matter is diffused throughout all space. It exists in such a variety of states, and may be found in so many different conditions, that it is well worthy of the serious consideration of any one. Those glittering orbs in the blue vault above—whether as suns to furnish light to a family of planets with their satellites and rings, or a comet winding its way off among distant worlds in the regions of infinite space—they are only, each one, different conditions of the same principle, which neither ultimate element, nor any element in its character. Matter is infinitely varied, from the simple fact that it fills infinity of space.

In whatever condition matter exists throughout the infinite realms of space, it has incorporated therewith every quality that it possesses when concentrated in man. This position does not seem strange at all when one takes into consideration all the facts of the case. Matter being diffused throughout all space in various states or conditions, it has incorporated with it those divine qualities which we see manifested in man, and why? Can something be created out of nothing? Could an all-powerful, omniscient, omnipresent God create those worlds or systems of worlds that so beautifully deck the firmament, shedding their soft silvery light over the face of Nature, which seems to smile under the exhilarating influence thereof, while her great heart throbs in unison with the vibrating chords of the infinite mind—could He create them all out of nothing? So says Orthodoxy. Well, stop and contemplate for a moment the utter fallacy of such a position. If God created all these things out of nothing—how did He in the first place find it? Find nothing and create something out of it—the thought is preposterous. Consider the idea of God finding nothing, and forming therefrom the majestic oak, the flower glistening with rainbow tints, the beautiful valley, the high mountain, the foaming cascade, the mighty ocean, the silvery lake, the agile deer, birds with golden plumage, the fishes of the sea, the insects of the air—In fact, everything. Nothing as a basis, and just witness the result! "Can God make a two-year old colt in a minute?" If so, what would really be its age? would it be two years old, or one minute old? If nothing is impossible with God, He can make a two-year-old colt in a minute. But, says the sceptic, "It would be only a minute old." True—hence we have found one thing that God could not do. We desire to impart an important lesson by the simple consideration of this fact that certain things are impossible with God.—He can not create something out of nothing, for nothing has no existence.

In matter concentrated, as in man, we see life manifested—then does not matter diffused possess life also, and every characteristic that it exhibits when in a concentrated condition? If life does not exist throughout all space, neither does matter—and if neither life nor matter, then there are certain localities where nothing can be found. But who can find it? Who can touch it? Who can see it? Wherever matter is organized into animals, it brings with it the elements of life—yea, something more, mind. Supposing mind does not exist at all; then, of course, it is not a constituent part of matter. If not a constituent part of matter, then it must be created out of nothing, which would be absurd. No one can, however, tell the origin of matter. In relation to that it is foolish for any one to speculate—as well ask the origin of God, and who were His progenitors, as to query in reference to the origin of matter.

Henry Ward Beecher is usually right in his calculations in reference to the nature of those things intimately connected with the existence of God, or so interblended therewith that they become a part of him or constitute his entire nature. He speaks of the "diffusive mind" of God, taking the position exactly assumed by ourselves in our four previous articles. J. B. Ferguson takes, in fact, the same position. He says:

"What is mind? Is it God? It is. Thus God is in all, in every part and portion of the

whole, while He is absolutely the whole, the all; admitting of no condition, subjected to no cause; within the comprehension of a universe of universes, needing no light to overshadow a distrust upon a claim so unbounded in extent, so unending in duration."

Throughout all space, matter, life and mind are so interblended that they constitute infinity itself, or, in other words, constitute the only God that has any existence. That this matter diffused possesses mind diffused, and life also, no reasonable man for a moment can doubt. United in harmonious action together, they possess motion, unceasing motion, producing the most wonderful results. Without motion, nothing could be accomplished in all of God's vast universe. Without life, life would become extinct; the diffusive mind of which Beecher speaks could not exist for a single moment, in fact, Delight himself would cease to be. There are certain prerequisites connected with the existence of everything. That which exists, does so of necessity. There is immutable law that governs all things. Motion exists because it could not be otherwise; but it might as well be reason therefrom.

If, then, we find that mind concentrated, controls and moves matter concentrated, have we not a right to come to the conclusion that mind diffused moves matter diffused? If mind diffused penetrates every nook and corner of matter diffused, have we not as good a reason to believe that it impregnates every part of matter concentrated, as in man? Supposing you sever the lumbar vertebrae, what will be the result? Can you move the parts below it? No. Why? If mind is diffused, what prevents you from moving the limbs below the lumbar vertebrae? This is, indeed, a pertinent inquiry. Mind concentrated, as in man, acts through certain channels. Sever the connection that exists between all its parts, and the effect in local motion is the same as if the wire of a magnetic battery were cut. Your mind can't move the body of another, nor can it move the hand, unless the conscious principle within the brain can communicate with it.

By many it is supposed that the human mind has its seat in the brain, and in one sense it has. A severe blow on the brain will cause you to lose consciousness. Stop the circulation of the blood, inhale certain gases, or thrust a knife into the heart, and you will lose consciousness just as soon. The human mind is diffused throughout all space; it has no seat nowhere. Within that, however, is an element far more potential and grand, that exerts an influence over the same. The mind is not consciousness; it is not life—it is the origin of life. Consciousness is located; mind is not. The hand don't think; the feet don't think; the heart don't think. Nothing that is diffused can think. Mind diffused doesn't possess thought diffused; nor does life diffused possess feeling diffused. In man we have life concentrated within life diffused; mind concentrated within mind diffused; matter concentrated within mind diffused. Matter, life and mind diffused are not confined within certain limits. Matter, life and mind concentrated are confined within certain limits, and possess additional powers. There is latent heat within the iceberg. Latent feeling in matter diffused throughout all space. The concentration of that matter develops that latent feeling. You can not separate matter, life and mind. Localize mind within the brain and you separate mind from matter. It is just as easy to localize life, as it is to establish a certain locality for the mind. You can not establish a place anywhere for the mind. It is consistent with matter, and indissolubly interblended with every part of it. If you could separate matter, life and mind, there would be a void between them where nothing would exist. If nothing existed in a certain locality, who could find it? Who could measure its extent? Who could feel it? The idea is too absurd to receive any notice. It is impossible to separate the three. Mind, however, has its nucleus in the brain; and therefrom, like the rays of the sun, permeates the whole system.

We find, as we have said before, ceaseless motion throughout all space. Shall we attempt to explain what causes it? Mind causes local motion—we know that—does it not cause general motion also? Of course. But stop a moment and recapitulate.

1. Matter diffused; matter concentrated.
2. Life diffused; life concentrated.
3. Mind diffused; mind concentrated.
4. To matter diffused belongs life diffused.
5. To life diffused belongs mind diffused.
- To the above belongs:
1. Motion general.
2. Motion local.
3. Motion voluntary.
4. Motion involuntary.
5. Inter-local motion.

Matter diffused is the universe of God. Life and mind diffused is the animating influence thereof, and is interblended with it in harmonious action, standing in the same relation to it, in one sense, that the blood does to the body.

Motion general is the motion that pervades the movements of all the planetary systems throughout the regions of space.

Motion local embraces the revolution of the planets on their axis, the growth of plants, the movements of man, etc.

Involuntary motion embraces the circulation of the blood, the process of digestion, the varied action of the absorbers, and are caused by the involuntary functions of the mind.

Inter-local motion embraces the forces that generate the animalculæ in the human system.

Local motion, as manifested by the movements of the physical organization, is caused by mind. If local motion is caused by mind, does not general motion originate from the same source?

We shall consider this question still further in future numbers of the JOURNAL, showing

the wonderful connection that exists between mind and matter, and the respective functions of the cerebrum and cerebellum, and their relation to the mind and nervous system.

A NEW DISCOVERY.
The Medioscop and Psychomater.

It is to be presumed that all persons have a certain amount of mediumistic capacity, and will naturally want to know how much and what kind it is. How far the instrument will answer their expectations, they must test for themselves. It is a real curiosity and will cost but twenty-five cents, and like panchette, is a source of much amusement. Every family should have one, and experiment with it, and if they make any new and startling discovery, give it freely to the world for the good of humanity. Who knows but this little bit of tissue paper, weighing less than a tenth of a grain, may preach sermons that will revolutionize society and startle the world!

This instrument was invented or constructed under the directions of a philosophical spirit who communes freely with N. B. Starr, the well known Spirit Artist.

It consists of a flat piece of cork, a common number-four sewing needle, an engraved disc and a pointer made of a piece of tissue paper one and three-fourth inches long, and one-fourth inch wide at the widest end, and about one-eighth at the other end. These pieces are sent in a box or letter anywhere by mail, and are

PUT TOGETHER

in the following manner—viz: Put the needle through the centre of the cork so that it will point upwards perpendicular when the cork lays upon its flat surface; then run the needle through the centre of the disc until the disc is brought about half way between the point of the needle and the cork, with its engraved side upwards, and level with the stand or table on which it stands. Fold the tissue paper so as to crease it through the middle lengthways, and then crossways, leaving it bent at a right angle, so as to balance over the point of the upright needle. Have the pointed end of the tissue paper so folded that it will revolve near the disc, but so as to swing entirely clear. Then, like the hand of a watch, it will revolve upon the point of the needle. Be careful and not have the needle prick through the tissue paper. Now the instrument is put together and ready to work.

Such is the delicacy and sensitiveness of this little bit of tissue, that it is swayed by every breath of air—indeed, it is impossible for it to be still except you close all doors and windows, and even then it seems sorry that you have deprived it of its liberty. To test it, set it on the bare stand immediately before you; put your hand beside it in such a manner that your hand and fingers will encircle half way round it, close up to it as you can without touching. In less than a half minute the tissue paper will commence revolving, with some at the rate of one hundred and twenty revolutions a minute, and with others more and with some less.

Some have thought at first this motion was due to a current of warm air arising from the hand, but this is not so, for if you change hands it will stop, and then begin and revolve the other way, and if you encircle it with both hands, it will not revolve at all; nor will it by holding it near a stove or over a lamp. It generally revolves toward the end of the fingers, hence, if you encircle it with both hands, pointing the fingers in opposite directions, it will not stop, but continue just the same as with one hand. It will not set when the hand is over it or under it, except the other hand is held in the usual way near it. Countless experiments have been tried with it. The results are, that it works better in a moderately dark room than a light one, and (note this) better in the shade than in the light; stronger with one hand on the head and the other encircling it, and decidedly more vigorous at sometimes than others—sometimes suddenly stopping and refusing to move at all; a change of the position of the body causes a corresponding change in its motion. It acts stronger with some than others, and with some will not move at all. The number of revolutions per minute is the measure of capacity, as a physical medium; the force that turns it is the emanation that spirits speak of which they use for the purpose of producing phenomena. Volition has no power to move or stop it except in the way spoken of. After practicing a little, until it revolves well, begin by asking questions which may be answered by yes and no. The pointer will soon revolve to those points on the disc. Then inquire if a relative is present and what the relationship is. Soon the pointer will indicate the same. Then names will be spelled out and communications given. So much for its general characteristics; now try it under new conditions. Invert a glass tumbler over it, and it is as quiescent and still as it can be; but if there is a spirit present that can use the force emanating in your nervous system, ask a question mentally, raising the tumbler about half an inch and letting it down again—the pointed end of the paper will point to "yes" or "no," or some letter that is a beginning of a word they want to spell out to you. Such is the result of investigations; some may not be so fortunate, while others may get long communiqués.

At all events there is no harm in trying it. These little instruments more neatly engraved, with letters, numbers, and names, ready to be put together in one minute's time, will be sent by mail to any address on receipt of twenty-five cents. Address J. C. Bundy, Sec. RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, no. 189 South Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

N. B. No one need be disengaged who may have failed of success, by a trial of an inferior article. We know of no engraved discs and will finished Medioscopes and Psychomaters, but those we are selling.

The trade will be furnished on liberal terms.

It will be found to be the nicest holiday present ever offered in the market.

"SPIRITUALISM OF THE BIBLE."
INDUCEMENTS FOR NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

On the 1st of January we shall commence a series of articles on the "Spiritualism of the Bible" and all the phenomena in connection therewith, which will run through more than twenty-six numbers of the JOURNAL, and will embrace some of the most wonderful revelations of ancient days, as demonstrating the truths of the Spiritualism of the present, showing the nature of Christ's development and many facts and incidents not yet made known in connection with that important personage and medium; embracing the different kinds of clairvoyance and philosophy of the same; the different kinds of mediumism and how developed; how to render the brain sensitive in order that spirits may impress their thoughts thereon; the modus operandi of Elihu's translation; how Christ was enabled to walk upon the water and still the tempest; how the angel presented himself to Hagar and the method of materializing himself so that his body was as tangible as our own. They will give the true character of Abraham and his wife Sarah, and their relation to that wonderful medium Hagar, and explain many mysterious and wonderful manifestations of the past and present, and their great significance and importance as connected with the present status and future destiny of mankind.

We propose to make this series of articles alone worth many times the price of a yearly subscription to every thoughtful reader of our paper, and would ask, that as you value the truth and the spread of our glorious soul-elevating philosophy, that you will each interest yourselves in spreading the knowledge of the same by extending the circulation of the JOURNAL. We still offer our paper to new subscribers for three months, on trial, for 50 cents, and there is not a single one of our present patrons who with but little exertion could not obtain from five to twenty-five subscribers, and we shall be glad to publish the names (if desired) of all who will thus interest themselves together with the number of names obtained.

Please remember, friends, that there is no more potent means of awakening an interest in Spiritualism than by circulating the papers; and as you are all agents of the Spirit World, you will be personally blessed, and angels will rejoice and our hearts be made glad by your efforts.

DEATHS.

Passed away on the 30th of October, in the fourth month of its age, "THE UNIVERSE."

The exact nature of the disease is not determined. From an obituary published by the Rev. J. M. Peebles, of Trebizon, Asia Minor, we learn that a post mortem examination will be held in New York City on the first day of Jan., in the year of our Lord ONE THOUSAND EIGHT HUNDRED AND SEVENTY, at which time it is confidently expected, as appears from the statement of the reverend gentleman of Trebizon, in the last round of the deceased, the dead Universe will, by certain magic words, presto change, to be pronounced then and there, be resuscitated and brought to life, with its material and magnetic centre, axle-tree or guidepost, stuck or hung at said City of New York.

Whether the dead carcasses,—the Chequigan, Chicago Sora, Advance Guard and Rostrum, which, it sounds like, swallowed, and which doubtless, to a large extent, gave it during its brief existence its fedit breath, so nauseating

the people of this little planet called Earth, and drove even its editor in chief to the outermost limits of that land of barbarism known as Asia Minor, are to be resurrected at the same time, has not yet transpired. We await the arrival of the next telegram from the good bishop of Trebizon, who secondly, on receiving the Pope's invitation to be present at the Ecumenical Council at Rome, was non-committal and only gave utterance to the following exclamation, while he repeatedly kissed the golden bound dispatch—viz.: "Good St. Peter!—Good St. Peter!! Blessed St. Peter!!! Good Rome! Blessed Rome!! etc., etc., etc." It is supposed he will know more about the resurrection referred to. So we wait impatiently.

We are requested to inform the public that the aforesaid Advance Guard, Rostrum, Universe, etc., etc., when resurrected, are expected to become the especial combined organ—and lead off in the support of those who are wont to denounce trance and physical mediums as "shut-eyed impostors."

W. F. Jamieson, their agent, is now soliciting subscriptions in Iowa. What sub-subsidience!

C. G. CONNOLY, AN ARKANSAS ENQUIRER.

Wants to know whether he is a medium, and desires more knowledge of the philosophy of Spiritualism. We advise him to peruse the columns of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL carefully. The BANNER OF LIGHT is also an excellent paper to enlighten him upon that subject. If he invests in both of these papers, he will do well, and be sure to get them as long as he pays for them. They are not born to die in a few weeks after their birth, and leave their subscribers victims to misplaced confidence.

In the next place, our Arkansas friend will do well to purchase as many of the standard works advertised in the book list of this paper as he can afford to, and peruse the same carefully, and as important aids to assist him in his investigations, he should procure a Panchette and Medioscop, both advertised in this paper, and which can be sent by mail at any time. These may be of great advantage to him and others.

Lecturers and other mediums will also take note that the brother does them to remember that there is a good opening for them at Rice Bluff or Camden, in Dallas Co., Arkansas.

The trade will be furnished on liberal terms.

It will be found to be the nicest holiday present ever offered in the market.

PETER WEST.

It has been our privilege to test the wonderful mediumistic powers of this remarkable medium through a large number of friends as well members of this circle, with the most astonishing and satisfactory results. For instance our friend Mr. M. S. Robert's, of Racine, Wisconsin, who for years has devoted his time and talent to perfect a machine for the preparation of peat for fuel, and who was an entire stranger to Mr. West, was by us introduced to him, while stopping here a few hours on his way to California, where he has gone to organize a peat company. No clue whatever was given to Mr. West of Mr. Robert's calling or intentions, yet on fitting for him he proceeded to say, "I see you standing on an elevated point looking down into a swampy, boggy morass," and went on and minutely described the processes of preparing peat by Mr. Robert's machine. And so we could go on and on, volume, did time and space permit, with other equally interesting and remarkable tests.

IOWA.

We have been asked why we do not publish the proceedings of the Semi-Annual Meeting of the State Association of Spiritualists of Iowa. In reply, we would say that the officers of the Association failed to furnish us a copy of the same for publication. This, no doubt, will be deemed a sufficient excuse for the non-appearance of the proceedings in the JOURNAL. We have a large list of subscribers in Iowa, and it would be well for them to inquire why it is that the officers of the Association fail to report the proceedings for publication in the JOURNAL.

THANKS.

Our thanks are due, and we hereby tender the same to our many subscribers who have sent us in one hundred and eighty seven new subscribers during the last week. Go on, kind friends, in the good work. The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, through the help of the Angel World, and the energy of old subscribers has withstood the storm of opposition, while its enemies have, with few exceptions, become its working friends. Thanks to all, old and new. The cause is yours—the JOURNAL is its advocate.

NOTICE.

In sending money for subscriptions, the writer should always state whether it be for a new, or for a renewal of an old subscription, otherwise a second paper is sent to the same address.

Those who now are receiving two papers, when they have subscribed for but one, will oblige by informing us of the fact without delay, that proper corrections may be made. We urgently request every person who is receiving two copies, when they do not expect to pay for but one, to advise us of that fact immediately.

THE LITTLE YELLOW MONSTER.

The season of the year has arrived that subscribers for newspapers usually feel it incumbent upon them to renew their subscriptions, and see that the little yellow monster shows there paper is paid for in advance. Delinquents will take notice and oblige us very much by paying arrearages without delay for the JOURNAL. These lectures alone will be worth much more than a year's subscription will cost.

EMMA HARDING'S LECTURES.

Our readers will do well to remind their neighbours and friends that we have made arrangements with Brother H. T. Child, M. D., a rapid phonographer, to repeat *exceria*, twenty-six lectures as they are delivered in the city of Philadelphia by Miss Harding, the world renowned medium, and induce them to subscribe.

DR. SWANTHE HEALER.

The above named most excellent healer, will be in the city of Lafayette, Ind., during the week. He will be at the Lahr House from the 14th to the 22nd instant. He will then return to the Adam House in Chicago, to remain for a short time.

TEST MEDIUM.

E. K. Greaves, of Sparta, Wis., writes us that he is a reliable test medium. We are glad to hear it, and hope he may be instrumental in doing much good. Hope to hear from them who test his powers upon the same subject.

THE FRENCH LADY.

In another column will be found the advertisement of Miss Libell, the clairvoyant and psychometrist. She comes well recommended.

DR. WHITE, OF ST. LOUIS.

We call the especial attention of our readers to Dr. White's advertisement in this number of the JOURNAL.

Addie L. Ballor lectures in Cincinnati, Ohio, during November. Her first lecture there was a complete success. At the close of her evening lectures, she usually delineates character and describes spirits. Societies that desire her services should address her during November in care of A. W. Pugh, post office box 2081, Cincinnati, Ohio.

N. Frank White has just closed a successful course of lectures in Portland, Me. He lectures in New York city during November.

Dr. P. B. Randolph, the renowned clairvoyant and seer, has removed his office to 89 Court St., Boston, Mass.

Mrs. L. H. Perkins, trance speaker, has become a resident of Kansas City, Mo.

Prof. Wm. Denton lectures in Boston during November.

Dr. Wm. R. J. Scely, the clairvoyant and healer, is now staying at the Morten House, where he is successfully healing the sick and giving tests. See his advertisement in another column.

Communications from the Inner Life.
We shall give His angels charge concerning thee.For The Relgio-Philosophical Journal.
SPIRIT SCENERY.

Communication from 'Shea—The Beautiful Spirit Home—Scenery in the Spirit World.'

ANNIE CURRAN TAYLOR, MEDIUM.

Desiring much to give to my friends of earth a description of my spirit home, I come to you, Madam, and beg you to spare me a few moments of your time. I was advised by a friend to seek you, as one who would receive the vision with interest, and there are many others anxious to give their brothers and sisters of earth pictures with the pen, of these mansions in our Father's house.

For the Relgio-Philosophical Journal.

"THE DAVENPORT PUZZLE."

How one of the Davenport Boys United Forty Hard Knots of Spool Cotton in the Dark—A Problem for the Best Investigator.

EDITOR JOURNAL: I have never taken any hand in the Davenport controversy or "jiggle" or "humbug," or whatever it may be called; but let me give an incident that came under my observation some seven years ago.

I think it was in the summer of '62, during the draft excitement. The Brothers visited La Crosse, Wisconsin, remaining there a month, stopping with friends and rusticating in the vicinity with guns, fishing-rods, etc. During the time, I invited the boys to spend an evening at my house. I wished to try some tests, using my own materials in my own way. For some cause, only one of the boys was present. There were present beside a dozen or more special friends (not Spiritualists) who had eyes and wits of their own.

I arranged the company on one side of the room, and a table about in the center, on which was placed a fiddle, tambourine, guitar, bells, etc. At the side of the table was a harp. Young Davenport was seated in a chair near a corner. I had previously prepared a string of ten spool cotton of yellowish color, just ten feet long, with a knot in the middle and two at each end. I then tied the boy's arms behind him with the thread in thirty hard knots, letting the arms closely across four or five times. I then tied the thread around the back of the chair in ten hard knots; also elicited around his feet on the floor. Taking my seat with the company, I turned down the light, when in an instant, a rattle, a clatter and thrumming and playing of the instruments commenced, in all parts of the room. During the time, I kept up an incessant chatter with the young man, to fix his attention in the corner. While the hubub was at its height, I struck a match, when down fell the instruments, including the harp, lighting on the floor, on laps or wherever they happened to be. Young Davenport was found undisturbed in his bed, fast in his chair.

Again the light was turned off, but no noise or confusion followed. Presently a small nibbling was heard, like a mouse in a cheese-box, in the Davenport corner. This faint noise continued for full fifteen minutes, to the great weariness and impatience of all present. At the end of time, I felt a sort of "chuck" in my pantaloons pocket, when I put in my hand and found a coil of thread. Striking the light it proved to be the identical thread I had used; at least, it had precisely the same length, color and knots, and Davenport was sitting free in his chair.

I have never yet seen the person who could unite one hard knot of fine spool cotton in the dark. How those forty knots got united, and how the coil got back into my pocket, I leave for the "light fingered" gentlemen of the Boston Investigator to explain.

Milwaukee, Wis., Nov. 3rd.

For the Relgio-Philosophical Journal.

REMARKABLE MANIFESTATIONS.**Music by an Unseen Hand—Mysterious Lights.**

LETTER FROM W. H. BRIGGS.

DEAR JOURNAL: Thursday evening, October 21st, a party of six us stepped on the Newport train, to go and spend an evening with Robert Crandall. Mrs. Crandall is a musical medium. Every facility was given us to examine the room, a privilege that we availed ourselves of. Our contents were eight or ten chairs, a small clock and a piano. The instrument was examined in all its parts, and found to contain nothing but what belongs to all instruments of its class; in fact, it had been brought to the house only the day before. A well-known professor of music presided at the piano; and the accompaniment was played in common hands, upon unseen instruments producing the most beautiful and harmonious music I ever heard. The pleasure of listening to. We could hear distinctly five or six different instruments. Among them were the triangle, cymbal, harp, tambourine, drums and bassoon. The music was so sweet at times it could be heard all over the neighborhood.

Mrs. Crandall stood near the piano with one hand held over the lid. We could not perceive the least motion made by her. Mr. Crandall sat about six feet from the piano with his hands held by one of our party. The lights were frequently turned on, and always revealed the same situation. The professor is not a Spiritualist, does not believe their teachings, but admires their music. Mr. Crandall has never charged anything for admittance to his house, to hear the music, and only his expenses when by invitation he has visited other places; he has no public seances, and consequently does not exhibit for money.

Lights were produced in different parts of the room, passing from one place to another; and the medium at one time was nearly covered with stars which would disappear in an instant at her pleasure. Sometimes they remained ten or fifteen minutes.

She is a very remarkable medium, and if any of your Western friends should visit Newport, we would advise them to spend an evening with Robert Crandall.

Warren, R. L.

"With God all things are Possible."

BY J. BACON.

Thus I was taught and thus I believed, as long as I allowed others to direct my thoughts in theological matters. But since I have done my own thinking, reasoning and philosophizing, I have come to the conclusion that even with God all things are not possible. My conclusions may be old to some, but they are new to me. There may be, for ought I know, many things that God cannot do, but will name only one which is this: God cannot blot out a fact, be it ever so insignificant. When it once becomes established, it is there for all time; nor can all of the powers of the universe combined, blot it out.

That we have just passed through a most terrible war, is a fact, so indelibly written on the page of history that God and the devil cannot blot him power sufficient to obliterate that fact; for should the world be set back ten years, and all things assume their former conditions, and the slave live again, the fact of the war would still remain, and we say, "With God all things are not possible."

All the enchanted spots that I have described, are enclosed by a hedge of hawthorn and sweet-brier, trained at the openings that are left for entrance, so as to form flower-grown pillars with floral arches overhead.

I have not given you a full detail of my residence; but of the grounds you have a minute description. I will come at some future time, and through the body who has so kindly assisted

It is announced that the Sultan will not attend the opening of the Suez Canal.

THE APOSTLE PAUL'S MEDIUM.
Extraordinary Experiences in the Life of Alexander Smith of Philadelphia.

After reading Mr. Davis's reply to my communication, I considered myself much enlightened on the subject, and much relieved of my timidity, and after some mature reflection, I resolved, that if there was a spirit wishing to communicate with me, I would avail myself of the opportunity, and with as much firmness as I could assume, invite the invisible intelligence to further proceedings. Accordingly, the following night, I was seated in my room alone, with writing materials and a book before me. The clock struck eleven; I endeavored to read, but it was a vain effort, for I understood not what I read,—my mind being absorbed by subjects of greater moment. A thousand thoughts flitted through my mind; some of a hopeful, some of a doubtful nature, and some fearfully speculative. Is it possible such things can be?" I asked myself. "Shall I really hold communion with the spirit of the other world?" "Who can it be?" "What can be the purpose of the visitor?" Such questions recurred in my mind hourly. Oh! what eager expectancy did I wait for the moment to pass, all around me lying silent as death, as I waited with an intense, uneasy suspense. At length, as though coming from a distant land, I heard the sweet, playful notes of the shepherd's pipe—faint and low at first, then increasing in strength as they seemed to approach me. This music I allowed to be an announcement that my spiritual visitor was approaching me. As the first sounds of the pipe impressed me, all the powers of my mind and soul seemed instantly to concentrate themselves, and suspend their connection with my body. Still I heard the music, and then became convinced, that I did not hear it through the medium of my bodily ears. At length the music ceased; when a voice—the same I before had heard—called me by name.

"Who calls me?" I enquired, mentally, with considerable trepidation.

"I am the spirit of one, who, like you in nature, once inhabited the earth as mortal man far back in the history of nations," answered the voice, in a grave, steady tone.

"Make known thy name, prove thy identity, and then communicate your wishes," I replied with a little more assurance; for I thought it prudent to know in the commencement, with whom I was communicating.

"Here are two spirits present," answered the voice, "the one that addresses you is Saul of Tarsus; or better known to the inhabitants of earth, as Paul the Apostle. My companion is Judas Iscariot; I presume you have read of us both, in that book called the New Testament; so, if I beg of you not to form any idea of us from that book, for it does not contain an item of truth concerning our true characters or histories. That book, which received its origin through my influence, speaks of us as being one of the best, purest, noblest and most pious mortals that ever lived; and of my companion, Judas, as one of the worst that possibly could be. The fact is, if you would reverse the characters given of us in that book, you would come nearer the truth. It is true, that Judas was a selfish man; and that he was guilty of ingratitude and cruelty, in betraying the good man, Jesus of Nazareth, to the Sanhedrim; but however laudable his offence may appear to you, it will admit of exculpation, when the truth is known. It was I, friend Alexander, who was the plotter and instigator of that horrid tragedy—the death of Jesus. Judas Iscariot was in my power; he acted at my suggestion, and did my bidding; he received the approbation of the evil deed, while I, the true actor, escaped with impunity. But that black deed was only one of many other blameworthy sins which I was guilty of, during my career of polytheism, while on earth. The facts of which, I intend to bring to your notice, in so doing, I shall prove my identity, for no man or spirit can unravel my wicked career, excepting myself."

"How shall I know or believe, what you say to be the truth?" I inquired of the spirit, "since you have given yourself so and a character?"

"Friend Alexander," said another spiritual voice, which I judged to be that of Judas Iscariot, "you may believe what my friend Saul says to you, for he is quite a different personage to what he was when on earth. It is true that then he was one of the worst men, as a hypocrite, liar, deceiver, and murderer; I also, was not the most innocent and harmless of men; but since then, there has been a great lapse of time,—thousands of worlds have been brought into existence, and thousands destroyed. In every thing on earth, and in the spirit world, as well, great changes have been produced for the better; therefore you must not be surprised that Saul and Judas are no longer what they once were. Indeed, friend Alexander, we are spirits of a much improved nature, since we acted our wicked parts upon the earth. We have had nearly eighteen centuries of isolation and separation from the harmonious society of the spirit world, which time we have passed in tasting, repining, remiss and repentance, endeavoring to purge ourselves from the wickedness of our mortal lives and to renew ourselves capable of entering upon our spiritual career. I must inform you that we were not rugged in our ways. There is no task we have to perform before we are adulated to a higher sphere of existence; and that first step we have taken, is to select you, Alexander, to be our medium and agent, through which we will publish to the world the important truths which we have to make known."

"Why have you selected me to be your medium and agent on earth?" I inquired of Saul; being desirous to know his motive in so doing. "Could you not find a man more befitting the office than I?" I have no influence or wealth to exert in doing your bidding, even should I be enabled to furnish the tact and opportunity."

"It matters not," responded Saul; "you are the one selected, and you must comply. However, I have not any objections to acquiesce in part with the reasons why you are selected. If I were to tell you all the reasons, they possibly might make you vain, which I do not wish to do. When our Spiritual Powers imposed upon us the task, they requested that the man we should select for our medium, should be one who had lived half a century at least, and that he should possess certain qualities, which I will not name. To these conditions we were obliged to give our assent, if we wished to achieve our own object in view; though we knew it would be very difficult to find such a man. However, we descended to the earth to look for our man; but after several years' wandering and searching, we found all our efforts to be vain, for such a man was not to be found. We found many who were represented to be such as we wanted; but after minutely investigating their private characters, we found them lacking in the man qualities. We therefore gave up the search as a hopeless affair. Sometime afterward, Judas and I were making a consultation as to what we should do, when casting our eyes below upon the mundane scene, we beheld a little boy readying the table to his mother, while she worked with her needle in her boudoir. Some in the pugnacity of the boy, said, 'What a nice boy!—such a good boy!' As the boy rose, she stopped him and said, 'Wait a minute of time; for a little it will cool and ask his mother if that wasn't real true. The mother felt shocked that her child seemed to know what she intended to be the word of God. She accordingly told the child that it was true. The boy with great energy, replied, 'Then I cannot believe it!' 'That is a noble boy,' I observed to Judas; 'his love and just sense of duty presents him giving credence to the tales and lies of that old book; though his fond mother tells him it is truth itself.'

"Saul," said Judas to me, with sudden gravity, "an idea strikes me, by which we may accomplish our object. Suppose we were to take that little boy under our guardian care,—seize him from all harm, and direct his mind in all matters necessary and good; protecting him until he shall arrive at life's years of age, then we can make him our medium and agent. I thought the plan of Judas to be an excellent one; accordingly we took the boy, under our tutelar care. That little boy, Friend Alexander, was yourself."

"As I!" I exclaimed, and said "I do remember the incident, I was then about nine years of age. I was in the daily practice of reading a chapter to my mother at her request; I remember the chapter and verse, and from that day, I doubted the truth of the old book. But tell me, have you and Judas been my Guardian Spirits ever since?"

"As I!" replied Saul; "and we have done you many services, unknown to you. We have saved you from divers miseries. Once when you where a boy, you were in a tree—one of the highest branches, trying to steal a bird's nest, when the limb gave way.—You fell and certainly would have lost your life had I not saved you. When you were a young man, we travelled in France, where we guided you through many dangers. When you were crossing the Oceania, one of the ship's masts snapped around; when it, with the yards, sails and rigging came down with a crash upon the deck where you were standing; where you certainly would have been killed, had we not saved you. You started from Charleston in the schooner 'Sarah,' for Mobile; when in Mobile Bay, you were tossed upon its boisterous waters, when the boom tackle broke; then the boom swooped round with a tremendous force; you were

agent on the earth, he knew all my iniquities and wicked designs, and served me with great zeal in the execution of my conspiracy against the good man, Jesus. I was therefore in the power of Judas in that respect; I was afraid he might expose my crimes to the world, to prevent which I rewarded his faithful, though sinful services, by taking his life. When I passed into the spirit world, I found that Judas, by the decree of our spiritual superiors, was to be my only companion, during the long term of my spiritual exile and purification; judge then, if you can, the reception I met with from him, when we met at the cheerless spot assigned us. With all the rancor, hate and vindictiveness that it is possible for a wicked spirit to possess, Judas assailed me. All my blackest deeds he continually brought to my remembrance; all my frauds, hypocrisies and meanness, he used as so many venomous stings, to wound my agonizing and remorseful conscience. I endeavored to return to a similar manner; but he was insatiable to my loss of power and grace, while I continually sought to avert his dashes. Oh, my friend Alexander! mankind need not think that there is a hell in the spirit world to punish the wicked; for the wicked will carry with them hell sufficiently poignant, to punish them for their misdeeds. So it was with Judas and I, from our remorse, our mutual reprobation, our ceaseless hunger, and our hopeless state, our immortal states were most horribly wrecked. This miserable state continued from year to year—from age to age, and century to century, until the blackness of our hearts, and the turpitude of our minds were gradually consumed by our anguish. After the lapse of more than seventeen centuries, the powers above us, who regulate our spiritual conditions, relieved us from our dreary and painful exile. Finding us penitent, humble and completely changed for the better, they received us into the society of the spirits, and anointed our condition, by which we could receive comforts and continue to improve ourselves. We rapidly improved; stately, serene and tranquil enjoyment, succeeded to our bitterness or nature. A love of truth and justice, and a desire to do what is right succeeded to our past evil propensities. A great thirst for knowledge possessed us; for we found that man who aspired to a higher condition, must render themselves capable by a knowledge of all the arts. Thus nearly another century passed on, in course of which we had improved in our nature, that were very opposite of our former selves. We are now promised to be exalted to a higher sphere, after we have accomplished a certain task, which is the cause or motive we have, in communicating with you."

"What may be the nature of that task, and how related to me?" I inquired of the spirits.

"We are requested," answered the spirit Saul, "as an act of atonement for our past evil deeds, for the benefit of mankind, that we should descend to the earth, and seek out a man to act as our agent and confessor. To him, make known our misdeeds, as connected with the conspiracy and death of Jesus of Nazareth. To make known to the world, the true history of that good man, who was the victim of our wickedness,—to disabuse the world of the lies, errors and follies to which they render their faith and homage. Such is the task we have to perform before we are adulated to a higher sphere of existence; and that first step we have taken, is to select you, Alexander, to be our medium and agent, through which we will publish to the world the important truths which we have to make known."

"Why have you selected me to be your medium and agent on earth?" I inquired of Saul; "you are within you certain beautiful lights and many strange sounds—so very wonderful though to us in the spirit, they were very simple. These impressions caused within you great astonishment; you became aroused—you saw your fallen condition, you became ashamed, and resolved to recover your self-esteem and social respect. We continued our process with you, and at length you began to search for the cause. You investigated matters of medicine and philosophy, and in time, your mind became trated to study; in this process, your sorrow, your evil habit and despair were overcome. Having thus recovered you from your desponding condition, in order to prevent you from falling into the like state again, we thought we would produce within you, something which should produce a happy state of feeling and joyous mind, that should serve you under all circumstances of life, to cheer you onward. We accordingly acted upon that part of the brain where the faculty of music is situated; you were then internally entertained by a series of low, sweet tones, as though coming from a small instrument,—performing all the good, lively airs that you had ever heard from boyhood. By way of change, we would upper the faculties, that seemed to you, you heard singing of tio voices externally to you, of the most harmonious strains. In fact, we produced within you that happy mood, that every thing within and around you seemed filled with musical harmony. Thus we cared for you, and led you on until you entered upon the marriage state; then we withdrew our powers from over you, finding that you would have occupation enough for your mind of a domestic nature."

"Kind and Worthy Spirits!" I exclaimed, as feelings of deep gratitude impelled me,—"I now perceive that you have been my true guardian friends. You have now made clear to me all those mysterious occurrences that have been hanging over me so many years. As I am so deeply indebted to you, I consider that you have a just claim upon my gratitude; therefore command me in any respect, I will exert all my powers to do your bidding. Speak your wishes, and let me know how I can serve you."

"All explanations necessary having been established between us," responded the Spirit of Saul, "I will now proceed to inform you what I mean when I say that Saul was of you. You have now passed your fifteenth year, which is one of the conditions we are bound to in making our selection of a medium; and in all other respects, you are the man qualified to do the service we require. We will leave you for a while, to consult with our Superiors; and when we shall communicate with you the next time, we will enter upon our intended task. Farewell for the present."

The preceding communication with the Spirits was committed to paper from memory;

but from fear of trusting too much to that faculty, I resolved for the future, to write down the most material points of the Spirits' discourse, and afterward to write them out in full, with such additions and illustrations as the subjects should require, to make them understood. Accordingly, I made all necessary preparations, when in the two following sittings, the Spirit of Saul communicated to me the following:

To be continued.

Appreciative.

A. G. Doubleday, writing from Liberty Hill, says:

"Enclosed, you will find one dollar and a half,

for which I wish you to continue to my address,

your most excellent JOURNAL. I would say

that your mind is finer than yours. I admire the man

who has the moral courage to stand under his own colors, regardless of the opinion of others.

George Gilbert, writing from Brooklyn, N. Y., says:

"Your good paper, the JOURNAL, comes to hand regularly now. We look forward to the time for the next number to arrive, with the greatest pleasure.

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Original Essays.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal
PROGRESSION.The Past and the Present—Prediction In
Regard to the Future.

By J. A. OSBORNE.

We are a fast people, living in a fast age. It is said that we live in a progressive age. I wish to call attention to this spirit of progression. We have some among us who would have you believe that we are retrograding—going back—getting worse. But I say, Progression is written on all things. The whole material, mental and spiritual world, moves onward, upward,—getting better. What we call sin and wrong, may have the appearance of being more rife to-day than it was thirty years ago; but let us see if this is so. If the amount of crime greater, you will find the numerical increase of people in a greater ratio; then, in these last days of telegraphs and railroads, what occurs here to-day, is known yonder in Europe to-morrow. Thirty years ago, about two families out of every six, read the papers. To-day, about five of every six take some periodical or newspaper. We have become a reading people and know all that is transpiring.

But leaving this for what it is worth, let me advance to a stronger position. What I may say here will doubtless sound strange, and perhaps, fall heavily on some ears; yet I honestly believe it is true, and truth will prevail. It may be kept in the background—not understood; still, it is true all the same. The position is this:

"What we call sin and wrong is not sin. It is only ignorance. You may call ignorance sin; but if that be true, we will be sinners throughout all eternity; for we never can reach infinity, and short of that is ignorance. Now mind you, when I speak of sin, I mean it in the eye of God—sin taken up with breaking his law. Man can not violate or break a law of God. Human law is a thing, while Divine law is a principle, co-ternal with God, therefore immutable, unchangeable. It never was created or made, but is co-existent with Infinity. If man breaks that law by doing some deed, he must bear the punishment for it, while he does the action. When he does that, he is superior to it, consequently, superior to God. Neither you nor I believe that such a thing is within the power of man."

Again, when you establish the fact that sin does exist, that moment you make God the author of it; for, if he is the author of sin, he is the author of all things. He is the author of man, and he is the author of law; and if man breaks the law, who but God is the author of that sin? You do not believe that God can sin, neither do I, so we must be agreed.

Now, that we do many things that are not for the improvement, and all men will grow, and sin in their nature, we will die. But when we do them, it is only proof of our ignorance in the divine and better way, and ought to serve as a stimulus to educate us above and beyond them. I do not simply mean, a book education—it is something more than that.

Then, we can start the onward movement of the universe by breaking or suspending the laws of Nature, all things must be progressing to final perfection; for we know that "He who doeth all things well," will work out His own eternal glory; and He could not be glorified in the destruction or downward tendency of anything He creates.

Who would have dared to face an unbelieving man, even twenty years ago, and declared that the people of to-day could stand in New York city, and converse freely with their friends in London?

Who would have dared to face an unbelieving man, even twenty years ago, and declared that when man and woman come together, but perfect God never makes mistakes. When you and I act in harmony with those eternal principles of Nature, we are the faster going up the grade to true and everlasting happiness. When we act inharmoniously, we are the longer keeping ourselves down in the sensuality of earth, and the lower down in the animal and mortal acts. If we will not do it here, we must do it when we have reached the other shore.

Notwithstanding our unbecoming demeanor, and our ignorance of the better way, we are progressing, going up to a better place, and may appear a little to the world, but it is only a means for the realization of something beyond our comprehension. The leaves in east into the lump, and is working up the grand whole to an ultimate perfection. Never did man write a more glowing truth, than did Pope when he gave to the world these beautiful thoughts:

"All discord is harmony misunderstood,
All seeming evil universal good—
And spite of erring reason's spite,
One truth is clear, whatever is, is right."

And again,

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And that myself am blind."

God is good, and all His ways are perfect; and when we growl and grumble at the discord notes of Nature, we ought to be informed that we ourselves are blind.

But all things are progressive in their nature. This came with the evolution of man, and came on a slow, undeviating, chaotic mass of friend and foe, it was cradled in infancy; and to-day, it has scarcely attained the age of childhood. Still, it is progressing, and in ages to come, will be a perfect world. The deadly miseries, so hateful to life, are being dried away. Frowning deserts are beginning to bloom with roses. Mountain peaks are weeping down the valleys, and are working up. The cowardly man may scarcely come within the range of human sight, but still it goes with that steady step that sounds wondrous majestic. The distinguishing elements of nature are ever at work, as if having been commissioned to do a big job of grafting. They come in those important millions, like the angels of God, with their vigilance and hustling after better seed, that will yield more abundant, and with less labor? Why this strife to improve your stock, to imbue it with better blood? You may say that it is dollars and cents, and this may be the immediate cause. But let me tell you, that back of the deep down in nature's law, there is a spirit of progress, that is pushing all things to final perfection.

Need I call your attention to the physical structure of man, and tell you that it is going up, improving? Some would have you believe that we are going back in this particular; that longevity is about to decline, and that man is becoming shorter and punier. But if you will consult the statistician of your country, you will find the opposite of this to be true. You will find that the natural life of the human family is being lengthened out, that we live longer now than we did hundreds of years ago. And with this increased durability of man degenerating, it is growing better, and better, and the proved condition of your country calls out less of that power; yet the powers are there, and only require an effort to bring them forth. When, where, in what age, was there ever greater fate in this particular than Dr. Winship daily exhibits in his "A dead weight of one hundred pounds"? It should not be claimed that "power makes perfect," and that because our muscles are not called into active and continued use, for that reason, we are retrograding. I admit that the muscles are developed by proper exercise, and that we become weak by inaction; but it does not follow that we are weak, because we will not produce bodies more closely knit together. There are latent powers yet undeveloped. Our forefathers talked of the struggles and hardships of the Revolution, as if the men of that day could not endure them. Yet all through the recent war men endured more than they—pale, sickly looking young men, who had to go through the burning business houses, and braved the hardships of the field and prison pens, much worse than those in the days of yore. The mulete and endurance was there, waiting only to be called. I would not

have you believe that this progress was of rapid growth, like unto an HI weed or a stock of corn. On the contrary it is slow and steady, indicative of majesty and durability.

—Am I met with the same objections and opposition, when I tell you that the mental world is progressing? And cited to such mental calibers as Homer, Bacon, Shakespeare, and others, and told that no such progress is to be found in their works? Suppose I admit that this is true? What does it argue? Does it not argue that this development was a grand advance over men who had lived before them? Is it not a triumph in favor of progression? But then you must remember that the mass of mankind in those days were comparatively ignorant, and that the wealth of olden times lay now for a few moments, to direct your attention to the condition of human kind for only a short period back.

I remember that when Socrates taught the Athenian youth that they were immortal, and that they should continue to live until they had learned through the school of life, the account of a man and an enemy to his race—was doomed and died in consequence of that teaching.

I remember that when Jehovah announced the fact that the earth moved, that he was arraigned before a certain tribunal, had to confess that he was in error, and to be condemned to death. Yet, in certain cases, he arose from the rack, and cried out, "The earth does move."

I remember that when Newton announced the law of gravitation, he was jeered, derided and shunned, as you would shun a leper.

I am reminded of the unyielding umbra, when he laid his hand upon the land over the ocean, how he wandered from nation to nation, longing for means that he might discover the new home, how he was abused even to incarceration for this belief.

I am reminded of a Fulton, when he proposed to construct machinery that should move a company of the world, how he was ridiculed and laughed at, and called crazy. Fulton, even by the little ragged urchins prattling in the streets.

This short hurried review, covering only a few hundred years back, brings out two prominent points. First, it shows that mentality, with the mass of mankind, has progressed in a partial knowledge of these known facts. Second, it shows we have been led into impugning the death penalty on any one who is bold enough and philosopher enough to advocate a new and a strange truth.

Then, looking back over the past and seeing what has been done, would you call it presumption in me, if I should direct your attention to the future, and divine a few things we may expect? The future, and not the past, is to be considered, however, before we impugn the death penalty on any one who is bold enough and philosopher enough to advocate a new and a strange truth.

The great prophets who were called in question, had spoken the mandate of Jehovah, and the nation obeyed of God, chastened, but not forgotten, under the leadership of the Messiah, would be called to the throne of the world. The discouragements around them were rather in favor than against this belief: because when God ordered, the powers of Babylon or Rome were nothing.

The anxiety became intense. If God came not as of old, national ruin and death would inevitably come. Judea was an indescribable speck on the map of the Roman Empire. With God she was all powerful; without him, as nothing.

Who would not have been counted a fool, had he stood up an hundred years ago, and told the people that in 1869, men should travel at the rate of forty miles per hour, or one thousand miles per day?

Who would not have been called a madman, had he stood up, even fifty years ago, and declared that the people of to-day could stand in New York city, and converse freely with their friends in London?

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It is singular how good is so completely outstripped by evil, especially when everybody knows that good is the strongest and most powerful principle of the two. Why don't the Lord exchange position with the Devil, and get the "cowpiss side" of the question Himself? If He is all-wise and all-powerful, as represented, why does He let the Devil out-wit Him and get the advantage in every case? Why did He not have the advantage of the broad, smooth and down grade road for His followers at the start, and not have His friends going about through this world singing, "How tedious and tasteless the hour, and that Jordan is a hard road to travel!" God being all-powerful, of course, could have had everything His own way. Why, then, does He allow Himself to be beaten on grades and per consequence, lose nearly per cent of the whole human race, which naturally belonged to Him by right of creation? Such doctrines are ridiculous. They are awful—they are old reminders of heathenism! How humiliating and derogatory to the character of the great God, to thus suffer Himself to be beaten at His own game, by a subordinate creature of His own creation. How *terrible like a God!*

But ah! I see at last how this matter all is. I think I have discovered the key that unlocks the whole mystery. *Deity must be sick!* I know he must have been an invalid for many centuries, for look at the long retinue of Doctors of Divinity (D. Ds.) that have been treating Him for a thousand years. Yes; Divinity must be sick, or we should not see so many D. Ds. administering unto Him. But His doctors are too much divided to accomplish anything. There are entirely too many different systems trying their hand upon Him. The Methodist D. Ds. administer their system, because they are very sure that God is a Methodist. Presbyterians administer theirs for the same reason; so do the Baptists, and all the other denominations. These are all albatrosses and orthodoxy. They are strong medicine and lots of it—hell-fire and brimstone. Universalists and Unitarians are homeopaths; they use small pills, sugar-coated! Campbellites are hydropaths; they believe in sacred hydraulics, and use rivers of water and apply antidotes. But oh! "get out," here comes the Catholic D. D.—I had almost forgotten them. They claim to be the oldest and most respectable school of heavenly physicians. The rest are all bogus. They are certain that God is a Catholic now, always was a Catholic and always will be a Catholic. Yes; I should judge that Deity must be sick and unable to attend to His business, seeing the deranged condition of His affairs on earth. His kingdom is all cut up into fractions, warring and disputing with each other, presenting to the mind the most perfect specimen of a house divided against itself that the world ever saw. Yes, I think Deity is thoroughly sick of this pack of hungry priests, who have so mismanaged the affairs of His kingdom here below, as to bring it into disrepute with all the thinking progressive minds of the age, giving the Devil all the best minds and flower of intellect, and leaving the fools for Him. What a singular thing this great system of modern Theology is. What great effects without any appropriate causes! Nature teaches us that there are no effects without sufficient causes to produce them. This is reason. It follows, then, that where you find great systems of Theology having no natural causes underlying them, sufficient to produce them—that those systems are bogus and exist only in the imagination. What then is the cause of this large per cent of the human family being lost forever, according to Theology? Analyze their system down to first principles, and you will discover that it all resolved itself into this silly idea, laughable as it is, that Adam and Eve made a slight mistake, and ate a few apples "off of the wrong tree!" and was punished therefor, by a snake at that. No wonder that the world is running into infidelity as the churches call it.

They prophesied supposed to relate to the Messianic age, excepting influence than any other. It is claimed that the Old Testament contains clear and distinct prophecies of Christ. The Evangelists so understand, and the followers of Christ down to the present day have fortified their position by quotations. If the Bible has seventy-two meanings, according to the Rabbis, such meaning can be drawn from these prophecies, not in the sense of the writer. There is not a passage in the Old Testament that has any reference to Christ.

These prophecies originated to relate to the Messianic age, excepting influence than any other. They are awful—they are old reminders of heathenism! How singular! How humiliating and derogatory to the character of the great God, to thus suffer Himself to be beaten at His own game, by a subordinate creature of His own creation.

To THE SPIRITUALISTS OF MINNESOTA, Greetings—Having completed an engagement with the Executive Board of the State Association, as their agent for the year ensuing, I take this opportunity of saying to the friends throughout the State, I am ready for work at any and all places in the State where service can be raised, calling for help. Please send in your orders, friends, so I can arrange my routes and save expense to friends and association. This cause is growing in every part of the State I have visited. Let us have concert of action, and lay the giant error, superstition, crouching in the dust. Let all be earnest and faithful to the cause that has brought life and immortality to light, showing to the world that truth is above all price. We shake no compromise with theology. I am a trance speaker, give all of my lectures in a trance state, speaking exclusively on Spiritualism. Let me hear from you, friends, soon as possible. Give me your sympathy and strength, and I hope to do my part of the work as becomes an earnest worker in the cause.

Address me at Morristown, Rice County, Minnesota, care of Hon. Isaac Pope. Respectfully,

J. L. POTTER.

MILWAUKEE.

LETTER FROM H. S. BROWN, M. D.

DEAR SIR—Please allow me space in the Journal to inform the friends generally, and the Spiritualists of Minnesota in particular, of my whereabouts and doings.

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LETTER FROM H. S. BROWN, M. D.

DEAR JOURNAL—I enclose you another short article. You will be the judge of its worth. Your columns are so filled with interesting matter that mine do not come so often as to crowd me much. This has been rather lucky for me, because I am preparing for the winter meeting; has been very much employed.

Spiritualism in Milwaukee is growing; in the minds of the people with a steady, constant growth, but the only means we are using is

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
MEDIA; OR THE CHARMED LIFE:
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BY GEORGE SOMERVILLE.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE RIVAL BELLES.—THE UNKNOWN.

Grim-visaged winter had cast his icy chains abroad, with a hard relentless hand, and all nature slept upon the frosted bier draped in a flowing robe of snow.

Yet a gay and brilliant scene did the snow-gazed streets of our city present on the first day of the year, following the grand and glorious socials.

Fair as the eye could see, all was veiled in fiery white, and the warming rays of the sun, bright in clear, blanched streets, houses, spire and dome of the happy city, into a silver sheen of pleasing beauty. From early dawn till far into midnight, and past the dawn of the first hours of the following day, did the merry breezes bear aloft the busy tramp of steeds, and waft away into far-reaching echo the sweet music of the jingling bells, and laughing merry voices from out the gliding sleighs.

Media, Annie, Randolph and their merry associates, had returned from their happy sleigh ride of the evening. And late next forenoon, Annie Rodgers, as she stood a moment at the store door, enjoying the animated snow scene without she suddenly exclaimed, "Media, here, come quick." The latter emerged hastily from the adjoining workshop.

"There goes that strange gentleman again, to whom Randolph gave me an introduction on new year's eve. Is he not handsome?"

"Indeed he is, and if report be true, he is as good as he is beautiful." I am informed he is strongly suspected of being the projector of the charity sociale."

"Better and better; yet I am not so much surprised for Randolph entertained me on that evening with the peculiar circumstances under which he first formed this acquaintance, which exhibits him in the light of a quiet, unheralded Philanthropist, going among the poor of our great city, and administering to their necessities."

"But in what manner does he propose to convert the sociable into an object of benevolence?"

Some have said: "By the sale of the hand dresses worn on that occasion." But his purpose is to devote for the relief of the necessitous the entire proceeds of that grand entertainment, paying the expenses of the affair, rent, &c., from his private resources."

"Excellent. I am happy to contribute in this way my small mite."

"Yes. But, Media, how comes on the 'Count'—has he fully recovered yet from the effects caused by his skillful efforts to save you from the gully the night we upset in the snow drift?"

Annie blithesomely inquired, changing the subject, not a little to Media's chagrin. The latter replied—"Oh, I believe he is quite recovered—but the upset, ouch, let us forget that. Anna, if you please. It gives me a chill just to remember it; we might all have been killed!"

"Never heard of a death by being pitched into a snow bank—"

"There you go again. Come, Annie, tell us something of yourself and your protector on that lovely occasion. Is it indeed true that you are so ardently attached to Randolph Haines?"

Pointed, and the gentle Annie was for a moment at a loss to reply. Youthful and innocent, her sense of truth would not permit her to equivocate. Though blushing deeply, she assented by a motion of the head. "And you intend to unite yourself to him?"

"You ask me if I am attached to Randolph. To you, Media, I answer freely, I am—"

Half-a-mile distant another scene progresses. Attached to an omnibus, a pair of fractious horses took sudden fright, and ran down the street at a fearful rate, whirling the coach from side to side with terrible velocity, cleaving out of the way everything with which it came in contact.

Men, women, and children all frightened, fled away, taking shelter in alleys and stores nearest them.

On and on the affrighted steeds dashed, in their mad flight. A child, starting across the street, had misjudged the distance. He was in the midst of the broad avenue, and the wild animals upon him. He was unable to cross safely, nor could he retreat. "Twas a fearful sight. Fear blanched his cheeks—a moment of solemn awe! Many saw the peril of the little one, and every breath was hushed, every muscle relaxed, while all eyes closed to shut out the painful vision.

A moment the runaways seemed to waver, and in an instant reared upon their hind feet over the helpless little one. A person, to all eyes transformed in an instant to an angel, darted across the street, caught up the boy, and with a single leap, sprang to the opposite side. The child was saved, and the horses dashed away, yet fiercer than before.

Many gathered around the little fellow, congratulating him on his fortunate escape from death. But his deliverer—they looked up for him. He had disappeared 'ere any could thank him. Yet richest blessings of the thankful parent's heart crowned the noble soul of the Unknown, who, as the happy eccentric philanthropist, after saving the life of the little one, pursued the "noiseless tenor of his way" among the poor and outcasts of the city; relating to the extent of his benevolent ability, in the extreme wants. On and on he went in his mission of mercy, not paused to listen to the countless blessings called upon his devoted head, nor to witness the tears of deepest thankfulness shed like rain o'er his own pains. Oo, and still on he passed, speaking words of good will to the disconsolate and meek. He asked not, sought not reward; but was amply compensated in the holy emotions of gratitude in the thankful hearts of those whom he so cheerfully comforted.

CHAPTER IX.

JEALOUSY.—PRIDE.—MISTAKE.—FARE.

In her home sat our beautiful and vivacious Media. Near her sat Charles Orsay. Media was unhappy, and strangely now exhibited a coolness of feeling, and a formality of expression, which for the time quite puzzled even the gay "Count."

After several ineffectual efforts to induce her into the social mood, he enquired:

"Media, what in the world is the matter with you this evening?"

"Quite sufficient, though it be matter only, Mr. Orsay."

"Your manners, Media, excuse me, please, but they seem as freezing as an iceberg."

"Not, perhaps, without a chilling cause."

"Cause," Media, what is there, pray, why can there be to cause you to comport yourself so formally with me to-night?"

"Mr. Orsay, you are acquainted with a Miss Maxwell?"

"Well, and if so, what then?"

"You were in her company a few evenings since at the opera."

"Aham—and I was—what's to pay?"

"Mr. Orsay—do not ask. From to-night you will please cease further attentions toward me."

Our beautiful Media, alas, assumed the most haughty air, and bit her cherry-like lips, with stilled though painful vexation. Jealousy, the selfish monster, was now busy with her.

thoughts.

"Media," Orsay interrupted, "this is sudden; what does it mean?" If indeed I have offended, I have done so unintentionally I assure you, and I sincerely beg a thousand pardons, gentle lady."

This, though well intended, the perplexed Media received in irony, and deemed the humbug—though very gallant apology, a wicked taunt to goad her; and, with all her pride, she broke into a flood of tears, of grief, more of anger than regret.

"Charles Orsay, leave me. Do not presume to draw me down to a level with Miss Maxwell. For know, sir, if rumor be true, she is not more of the 'Lady' than by her pretensions she should be."

Mute with astonishment at this heathens thrush at the honor of one whom he knew to be above reproach, he had arisen to his feet, and now in her language and manners read plainly that—"Trifles light as air are to the jealous strong as proofs of Holy Writ."

He sought not to argue the subject any further, nor yet to reinstate himself in Media's esteem. But simply said,

"Well, Media, that it has come to this I am sorry, for as we have passed many pleasant seasons together, I had flattered myself with the prospect of many more of happiness, even greater. The present seems not to promise such. Hence, Media, though I shall ever respect you, I bid you, now briefly a very good night."

"All farewell should be said," added Media, as he extended his hand, which she scarcely touched and turned away. As the door closed between them, she sank down upon the sofa and wept bitterly. She had loved the gay Orsay, and little expected he could meet her with such a degree of cold philosophy. She counted upon her accusation to his producing more of a scene. She loved a "scene." But now, poor Media, disappointed, sank down exhausted, miserable, unhappy.

"Endeavor not to dissuade me, Eilla, for it is decided that we shall to-morrow," spoke Clarence Clinton to Ella Russell, as he arose to leave her at the close of one of their evening interviews. He had been speaking at length of his contemplated absence from the city, in which he would not see her again perhaps for several months. Ella was sad at the thought of this, and strove, by every feasible means which her love could prompt, to induce him to give up his perilous project. "Clarence," said she persistently, "you would not leave to-morrow, should it storm, as it does now? Give over this wild adventure. If you go on this harrowing journey, I fear you will never return."

"Ah, my dear, take not so about so brief an absence—Nothing venture, nothing win, you know. Be patient; yet a little while and I will return rich and honored—return and claim the gentle Ella as my bride. Here now dry up those glistening tear drops—no longer look so sad!"

He pressed her gently to his breast, and on her cheek brook left his farewell kiss.

"The steamer, dear Clarence—oh, I fear you will be slain."

"The steamer, dearest, will spend itself to-night, and to-morrow we will have a clear and beautiful day for our departure."

"Ah, Clarence, to me 'tis a gloomy day. When you leave, all my happiness is gone. O stay, stay, stay. Poor Ella's tears now began to trickle fast."

"Believe me, lovely one, I shall return honored and rich. You shall wear a diadem, and be almost a queen. Then you will not regret your Clarence salled for the queen of the Antilles."

"Clarence, Clarence, 'tis mockery—all. Far happier am I as the humble milliner girl, blest with the heart of him I love, than could I ever be possessed with all the treasury of the wealthy Indies. Clarence, you must n't, sh'll not go!"

"It pains me, Ella, to hear you speak so. My name is registered to go. My obligations such I cannot retreat. Consent, and let us part, happy and true, hoping not for ever, but again to meet joyfully and glad."

But, Clarence, does the United States government favor such designs on a weak and foreign power, with whom we are at peace?

"Ella, I believe we are right in making Cuba a Republic. This is our mission; time grows apace—we must be active and awake. Lives of great men all remind us, &c. Remember the noble liberator General Bolivar; wherever he went, he was hailed as the noble Washington of South America."

"Parson Clarence, can you not remember the poor deluded and defeated Lopez, whose attempt at liberating the supposed oppressed were made more recently than those of the noble Bolivar?"

"Yes, Ella, I do remember, as though it were yesterday, when the noble patriot perished so ignominiously by the accursed hands of those who should have clucked to his standard of Freedom, welcomed him with open hands as their great leader, and struck home for the liberation of their native land from a servitude far worse than the late African slavery of the South. But they hunted him down like a dog, ensnared him by mean stratagem, and then put him to death. O my blood fires my veins as I contemplate so base a deed. Ella, I must away. Re member, yes I do remember. Come, love, your words have called up thoughts that burn like flame through my stirring brain. One kiss yet, dear Ella, and then—"

"O Clarence, do not leave me thus."

"I must. You shall hear from us soon, tiding that will swell your heart with joy. Farewell."

"O Clarence do not leave me. If you should fall—oh, he is gone—he bears me not—alone alone—"

The bold pinions of ambition, Clarence Clinton, our mechanic author, now a soldier of freedom, sped away, and the gentle Ella settled down in a chair, and burying her face within the folds of her valise, wept as though her heart would break. Ella, the Georgian, was a beautiful girl, yet she was pale, wan, and thin. In person she was of medium height, and in carriage, though but the humble milliner girl, yet was she graceful and easy as one educated for the court. Her complexion seemed faultless, almost dazzling fair, save at times, when a charming flush suffused her pretty cheek with the pulsing hue of the rose. Her eyes, not too large, were dark hazel, appearing at a distance black as jet, and which sparkled and twinkled by turns, like the stars in the cold sky; with a mixture of the Grecian and aquiline nose, and a small beautifully formed mouth, which contained a set of teeth, which, when revealed, were like treasures of pearls set in a casket of coral. Her chin was small, and dimpled, showing her to be of a very sensitive yet forgiving disposition; her hair long and flowing, jet and glossy, seemed, in truth, her very crown of glory. In a word, Ella, the beautiful Georgian, was just such a girl as novelists love to make their heroines.

Was Ella Russell a Creole? She was born in Georgia, yet she had never received much of the lovely Creole's noble nature from her mother, who was originally of St. Iago de Cuba.

When Ella was yet quite young, she followed in deep sorrow her beloved father to the tomb. Though she was not left in destitute circumstances, yet the fortune left her widow and only child was quite small. Hence to live as they did, they removed to Philadelphia, where, with the gentle Ella's assistance, mother and daughter lived, if not in luxury, yet in comfortable circumstances. Ella gained acquaintance of Clarence just prior to the liberal and charity socials of New Year's Eve, and until now had

no cause to regret the acquaintanceship. They had passed many happy hours together, and now had he suddenly left her? Perhaps never to return, she felt sad, indeed. She sat long alone in grief, mourning until aroused by the clock, reminding her of her usual hour for retiring. With the next day's task of the store before her, she arose, as it were instinctively, and staggering across the room, sought her chamber.

What though she threw herself indifferently across the bed, did "nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep" come graciously to her relief, and extract the bitter poison from the cruel fangs of her despondency; or did her wakeful troubled mind, in fitful dreaming, follow her lover throughout his long voyage?—see him step with the bold advancing column of the "Liberators" on the soil of proud Grenada. She saw the first blow struck, and the strife fully begun; and following her loved Clarence through the thickest of the fight, she anon beheld him fall, and straining her eyes until her eye balls ached, she saw him rise again. Joy quivered her pulse, and her waking spirit follows him on and still on, by the white plumes he wears, until with rapture, she sees him enter the capitol in triumph. She remembers his words. "Be patient; yet a little while and I shall return honored and rich."

She hears now, like the sound of many waters, the spontaneous shout of victory. Overjoyed she gazed long—wishes in brightness.

The black robes roll down, and she shuts out the pleasing vision. Her quivering shuddering at this sudden change o'er the spirit of her dream causes her very couch to shake beneath her. Her restless spirit wafts her mind away again, and to the panorama is added a lone and dreary peak in the middle of the stormy sea. And there, by the light of an occasional gleam of lightning, she sees her lover once kneeling amid the pitiless storm—in the gloomy distance flit at fragments of the awful wreck.

Ab, what though in this tedious manner she passed the entire night away—what though her face next morning was flushed, and her eyes red with weeping? Could she shut herself away from the cold and heartless world? No. The store, the workshop must not lack her presence. And what though during the day she made a confidant of a co-worker, Amelia Stephens, who in the evening, broke suddenly upon her privacy with the hilarious exclamation—"Oh, Ella, come with us quick to the Opera to-night—will drive the blues away—come—"

"Yes, come my sweet of the valley," joined the Count, laughing heartily at Ella's surprise, which had indeed driven quite all the color from her naturally rosy cheeks. Come and witness: eye, experience! cure for the heart ache! Oh you shall not say nay. So come, throw on your shawl and hood, and for once forget these gloomy thoughts."

But the gentle Ella could decline, they had left attired for their departure. Amelia arranging her hair, and the Count adjusting gaily indeed, her shawl.

As they entered the place of amusement, they were joined by Josephine, and Frederike Weldon. Just at that moment, also Randolph Haines and the Unknown passed arm in arm. Bowing politely, they passed gaily off, on their way to the Haines' mansion, where the Unknown, according to previous arrangement, was to favor Randolph with the further history of his life.

A NEW BOOK

FUTURE LIFE:
As Described and Portrayed by Spirits.
Through Mrs. Elizabeth Sweet.WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
JUDGE J. W. EDMONDS.

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Many gathered around the little fellow, congratulating him on his fortunate escape from death. But his deliver—they looked up for him. He had disappeared ere any could thank him. Yet richest blessings of the thankful parent's heart crowned the noble son of the Unknown, who, as the happy eccentric philanthropist, after saving the life of the little one, pursued the "noisless tenor of his way" among the poor and outcasts of the city; leaving to the extent of his benevolent ability, the means of existence. On and on he passed in his mission of mercy, not pausing to listen to the countless blessings called upon his devoted head, nor to witness the tears of deepest thankfulness shed like rain o'er his operations. On, and still on he passed, speaking words of good will to the disconsolate and meek. He asked not, sought not reward; but was amply compensated in the holy emotions of gratitude in the thankful hearts of those whom he so cheerfully comforted.

CHAPTER IX.

JEALOUSY.—PRIDE.—MISTAKE.—PATE.

In her home sat our beautiful and vivacious Media. Near her sat Charles Orsay. Media was unhappy, and strangely now exhibited a coolness of feeling, and a formality of expression, which for the time quite puzzled even the "Great."

After several ineffectual efforts to induce her into the social mood, he enquired:

"Media, what in the world is the matter with you this evening?"

"Quite sufficient, though it be matter only, Mr. Orsay."

"Your manners, Media, excuse me, please, but seem as freezing as an iceberg."

"Not, perhaps, without a chilling cause."

"Cause," Media, what is there, pray, why can there be to cause you to comport yourself so formally with me to night?"

"Mr. Orsay, you are acquainted with a Miss Maxwell?"

"Well, and if so, what then?"

"You were in her company a few evenings since at the opera."

"Ahem—and if I was—what's to pay?"

"Mr. Orsay—do not ask. From to night you will please cease further attentions toward me."

Our beautiful Media, alas, assumed the most haughty air, [and bit her cherry-like lips, with stifled though painful vexation. Jealousy, the selfish monster, was now busy with her

thoughts.

"Media," Orsay interrupted, "this is sudden; what does it mean? If indeed I have offended, I have done so unintentionally I assure you, and I sincerely beg a thousand pardons, gentle lady."

This, though well intended, the perplexed Media received in irony, and deemed the humbug though very gallant apology, a wicked taunt into a flood of tears, of grief, more of anger than regret.

"Charles Orsay, leave me. Do not presume to draw me down to a level with Miss Maxwell. For know, sir, if rumor be true, she is not more of the 'Lady' than by her pretensions she should be."

Media with astonishment at this causeless thrust at the honor of one whom he knew to be above approach, had arisen to his feet, and now in her language and manners read plainly that—"Trifles light as air are to the jealous as proofs of Holy Writ."

He sought not to argue the subjects any further, nor yet to reinstate himself in Media's esteem. But simply said,

"Well, Media, that it has come to this I am sorry, for we have passed many pleasant seasons together, I had flattered myself with the prospect of many more of happiness, even greater."

The present seemed no promise such. Media, though I shall ever repeat, you I bid you now briefly a very good night."

"All farewells should be sudden, when forever," was her characteristic and spiritied reply, as he extended his hand which she scarcely touched and turned away. As the door closed between them, she sank down upon the sofa and wept bitterly. She had loved the gay Orsay, and little expected he could meet her with such a degree of cold philosophy. She counted upon her accusation to him producing more of a scene. She loved a "scene." But now, poor Media, disappointed, sank down exhausted, miserable, unhappy.

"Endeavor not to dissuade me, Ella, for it is decided that we sail to-morrow," spoke Clarence Clinton to Ella Russell, as he arose to leave her at the close of one of their evening interviews. He had been speaking at length of his contemplated absence from the city, in which he would not see her again perhaps for several months. Ella was sad at the thought of this, and strove, by every feasible means which her love could prompt, to induce him to give up his perilous project. "Clarence," said she persistively, "you would not leave to-morrow, should it storm, as it does now? O give over this wild adventure. If you go on this hazardous journey, I fear you will never return!"

"Ah, my dear, take not so or so about a brief absence. Nothing venture, nothing win, you know. Be patient; yet a little while and I will return rich and honored—return and claim the gentle Ella as my bride. Here, now don't you feel esteeming to drop—no longer look so pale." He pressed her gently to his breast, and on her caress brow left his farewell kiss.

"The storm, dear Clarence—9, I fear you will be slain."

"The storm, dearest, will spend itself to-night, and to-morrow we will have a clear and beautiful day for our departure."

"Ah, Clarence, to me 'tis a gloomy day. When you leave, all my happiness is gone. O stay, stay." Poor Ella's tears now began to trickle fast.

"Believe me, lovely one, I shall return honored and rich. You shall wear a diadem, and be almost a queen. Then you will not regret your Clarence sailing for the queen of the Antilles."

"Clarence, Clarence, its mockery—all. Far happier am I as the humble milliner girl, blest with the heart of him I love, than could I ever be possessed with all the treasury of the wealthy Indies. Clarence, you must not, shill not go."

"It pains me, Ella, to hear you speak so. My name is registered to go. My obligations such I cannot retreat. Consent, and let us part, happy and true, hoping not for ever, but again to meet joyfully and glad."

But, Clarence, does the United States government favor such designs on a weak and foreign power, with whom we are at peace?"

"Ella, I believe we are right in making Cuba a Republic. This is our mission; time grows apace—we must be active and awake. Lives of great men all remind us, &c. Remember the public liberator General Bolivar; wherever he went, he was hailed as the noble Washington of South America."

"Parson, Clarence, can you not remember the poor deluded and defeated Lopez, who attempted to liberate the supposed oppressed who were made more recently than those of the noble Bolivar?"

"Yes, Ella, I do remember, as though it were but yesterday, when the noble patriot perished so ignominiously by the accursed hands of those who should have clucked to his standard of Freedom, welcomed him with open hands as their great leader, and struck home for the liberation of their native land from a servitude far worse than the late African slavery of the South. But they hunted him down like a dog, ensnared him by meat strategem, and then put him to death. O my blood fires my veins as I contemplate so base a deed. Ella, I must away. Re member, yo I do remember. Come, love, your words have called up thoughts that burn like flame through my stirring brain. One kiss yet, dear Ella, and then—"

"O Clarence, do not leave me thus."

"I must. You shall hear from us soon, tidings that will swell your heart with joy. Farewell."

"O Clarence do not leave me. If you should fall—oh, he is gone—he hears me not—alone—alone—"

On the bold pinions of ambition, Clarence Clinton, our mechanic author, now a soldier of freedom, sped away, and the gentle Ella settled down in a chair, and, burying her face within the folds of her sailor dress, wept as though her heart would break. Ella, the Georgian, was a beautiful girl, and, at that period, she was just entering her sixteenth year. In person she was of medium height, and, in carriage, though but small, was as graceful as a deer. Her complexion seemed faultless, though at times it paled, as at times, when a charming flush suffused her pretty cheek with the pleasing hue of the rose. Her eyes, not too large, were dark hazel, appearing at a distance black as jet, and which sparkled and twinkled by turns like the stars in the cold evening sky; with a mixture of the Grecian and aquiline nose, and a small well-formed mouth, which contained a set of teeth, which, when revealed, were like treasures of pearls, set in a casket of coral. Her chin also, small, and dimpled, showing her to be of a very sensitive yet forgiving disposition; her half long and flowing, jet and glossy, seemed, in truth, her very crown of glory. In a word, Ella, the beautiful Georgian, was just such a girl as novelists love to make their heroines.

Was Ella Russell a Creole? She was born in Georgia, yet she must have received much of the lovely Creole's noble nature from her mother, who was originally of St. Iago de Cuba.

When Ella was yet quite young, she followed in deep sorrow her loved father to the tomb. Though she was not left in destitute circumstances, yet the competence left his widow and only child was quite small. Hence to live as they desired, they removed to Philadelphia, where, with the gentle Ella's assistance, another daughter lived, if not in luxury, yet in comfortable circumstances. Ella gained acquaintance of Clarence just prior to the liberal and charitable sociable of New Year's Eve, and until now had

no cause to regret the acquaintance. They had passed many happy hours together, and now that he had so suddenly left her, perhaps never to return, she felt sad indeed. She sat long absorbed in grief, mourning until aroused by the clock, reminding her of her usual hour for retiring. With the next day's task of the store before her, she arose, as it were instinctively, and, staggering across the room, sought her chamber.

What though she threw herself indifferently across the bed, did "nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep" come graciously to her relief, and extract the bitter poison from the cruel fangs of her despondency or did her wakeful troubled mind, in fitful dreaming, follow her lover throughout his long voyage?—see him step with the bold advancing column of the "Liberators" on the soil of proud Grenada. She saw the first blow struck, and the strife fully begun; and, following her loved Clarence through the thickest of the fight, she anon beheld him fall, and straining her gaze until her eye blears ake, she saw him rise again. Joy quickens her pulse, and her waking spirit follows him on and still on, by the white plumes he wears, until, with rapture, she sees him enter the capitol in triumph. She remembers his words. "Be patient; yet a little while and I shall return honored and rich." She hears now like the sound of many waters, the spontaneous shout of victory. Overjoyed she gives long smiles in bright sleep.

A black curtain falls down, and shuts out the pleasing vision. Her thoughts are wandering, staring at the sudden change of the spirit of her dream causes her very couch to shake beneath her. Her restless spirit wafts her mind away again, and to the panorama is added a lone and dreary rock in the midst of the stormy sea. And there, by the light of an occasional gleam of lightning, she sees her lover one kneeling amid the pitiless storm—in the gloomy knell it flings fragments of the awful wreck.

Ab, what though in this tedious manner she passed the entire night away—what though her face next morning was flushed, and her eyes red with weeping? Could she shut herself away from the cold and heartless world? No. The store, the workshop must not lack her presence. And what though during the day she made a confidant of a co-worker, Amelia Stephens, who in the evening broke suddenly upon her privacy with the hilarious exclamation—"Oh, Ella, come with us quick to the Opera to-night—I will drive the blues away—come—"

"Yes, come my sweet life of the valley," joined the Count, laughing heartily at Ella's surprise, which had indeed driven quite all the color from her naturally rosy cheeks. Come and witness: eyé, experience 'cure for the heart ache!' Oh you shall not say nay. So come—come, throw on your shawl and hood, and for once forget these gloomy thoughts—"

Before the gentle Ella could decline, they had both attired ready for their departure—Amelia arranging her head dress, and the "Count" adjusting his cravat.

As they entered the place of amusement, they were joined by Josephine, and Frederick Randolph. Just at this moment, Mrs. and Randolph Haines and the Unknown passed arm in arm. Bowing politely, they passed gaily off, on their way to the Haines' Mansion, where the Unknown, according to previous arrangement, was to favor Randolph with the further history of his life.

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BY..... H. T. CHILD, M. D.
Subscription will be received, and papers may be obtained at wholesale or retail, at 634 Race street, Philadelphia.

Mrs. Walton's Reply.

It is rather amusing at this time when the current of progressive ideas is sweeping over our land, when Father Hesychius, and ministers in England and in this country are moved by spiritual power to break the yokes of ecclesiastical tyranny,—to see some who dream they have a call to preach, and who would give the evidence of this call in their coarse and vulgar misrepresentation of the progressive spirit of the age, whether it be among Spiritualists or other liberal minded persons.

We are under obligations to the Rev. Walton, of Bordentown, N. J., for having called forth the following able reply.

We think he has got into deeper water than he expected, when he ran a tilt, like Don Quixote, against a windmill of his own construction, which he supposes to be modern Spiritualism.

Try it again, brother, and you will hear from some of us.

Review by Mrs. S. C. Waters, of Rev. Wm. Walton's Fourth Discourse against Spiritualism, Delivered, Oct 17th, 1869, in Bordentown, N. J.

This sermon was first delivered some weeks since, and repeated last Sunday evening by request. I was unable to hear it the first time, but understand it had received some embellishments before its recent delivery.

Having, in all his previous discourses, declared the possibility of communion with departed spirits, and proved, by various citations from different authors, that it had been believed in and extensively exercised, for at least three thousand years, he now proposed to show us how God regarded it, by preaching from the text: "Regard not them that have familiar spirits, neither seek after wizards to be defiled by them"—Lev. 19: 31. Is this prohibition, more a law of God than the similar one found in remoter religions which restricted communion with the spiritual world, to the consultation of oracles through their attendant priests and prophets or prophetesses? To call Lev. 19: 31 a law of God, and its ancient prototype a suggestion of man's selfishness, seems a ridiculous distinction.

To enlighten us regarding the nature of familiar spirits" he gave us Webster's definition, which is: "A demon or evil spirit supposed to attend at a call." Did he suppose himself the only one present who had enjoyed the benefit of Webster's unabridged Lexicon, that he should assert that it was "well known" that the Pagans called familiar spirits demons and thereby meant evil spirits," and that he also should withhold the following which throws still more light upon the subject? Webster defines demon as, "A spirit or immortal being, holding a middle place between men and the celestial deities of the pagans." And says, "The ancients believed that there were good and evil demons which had influence over the minds of men, &c.;" and further adds, "It was supposed, also, that human spirits after their departure from the body, became demons, and that the souls of virtuous men, if highly purified, were exalted from demons into Gods." Again Webster says: "The word demon in modern use signifies an evil spirit or genius." Then when we read Lev. 19: 31, honesty, justice, and common sense, demands to us to accept the language according to the understanding and definitions in use at that day, and in that age, though common and common may now use the words to mean more or less than they then conveyed. Hence a familiar spirit, or familiar demon, at that time, might be either good or bad, while one speaking of demon to day as a present existence, could only mean what is termed an evil spirit.

Mr. Walton said the text warned us to regard all persons having familiar spirits, or holding intercourse with spirits, as being unworthy of respect, consideration, or esteem; and yet I know many such who stand both intellectually and spiritually on an eminence which towers high above the plane of deceit and misrepresentation on which he is exercising himself at present.

He cited the instance of Saul seeking Samuel through the woman of Endor, to show us how God regarded the violation of the command contained in the text, and the consequences that followed. He read us a sentence constructed in Bible language, doubtless supposing that his audience was so ignorant of the Bible that the counterpart would be accepted as a literal extract from God's Holy Word. The apocryphal sentence was to the effect that God destroyed Saul because he obeyed not the word of the Lord but sought unto familiar spirits. My Bible reads that it was, "Because thou obeyedst not the voice of the Lord, nor executest his fierce wrath upon Amalek; therefore, hath the Lord done this thing unto thee this day. Moreover, the Lord will also deliver Israel with thee into the hand of the Philistines, and to-morrow shalt thou and thy son be with me."—1 Sam. 28: 13. With his astonishing facility in making Scriptural suit the occasion, no doubt he can

for the absence of the words he

all spirit come—read,

law of God.

... exists against it, why did God make me pernicious possibility? Was it simply as a trap to ensnare human souls? What did God mean by saying, Joel 2: 28, "I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh, and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy; your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions, and also upon the servants and upon the hand-maids in those days will I pour out my Spirit." If it be said that prophecy referred only to the apostles as seen in Acts 2: 16, 17, 18, I would suggest that Acts 2: 17 says it shall be in the last days, and surely over eighteen hundred years have elapsed since that manifestation, without a parallel manifestation continuing to this day.

Mr. Walton took special pains to compare and show that the mediumships and methods of communion in Spiritualism were identical with the same through the Pagan oracles prophesied, divinations, consulting of familiars, spiritualism, craft, demonology &c., but did not dare even to allude to the fact that Spiritualism also exhibits an exact likeness of those spiritual gifts which Paul enumerates—1 Cor. 12. What is to be done with this fact? It is useless to try to ignore it. Shall we, with Mr. Walton, say spiritual gifts now are prohibited and evil, of satanic origin and polluting in their influence? Such reasoning would sweep all apostolic ecstasies, trances, visions, prophecies, revelations, &c., into oblivion; for we might as well attempt to distinguish between two rays of sunlight, saying one is divine, the other evil. It is impossible to believe his assertion, that it is all the work of "evil spirits, who seek to increase their influence in hell by bringing new converts to hell."

What a blasphemous picture of God's batherly love, his goodness, and his wisdom! Not untruly the fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, or children of church members, return (through the mediums) he strives so grossly to defame and communicate with their friends on earth. Are they all evil as soon as they get to the Spirit world? I have known of many clergymen returning, are they all devils? Joseph was a diviner after the manner of the Egyptians, and divined by the use of a divining cup. He was also an interpreter of dreams, and thereby saved both the Israelites and Egyptians from famine. Was this holy, or unholy, or lawful, or impure? God, who is omnipotent through the highest uses (or raps) of Mr. Walton would say upon the ephod. Was this unholy? Daniel, the prophet was educated in the schools of the Magi. Schools, called "Schools of the prophets," were located on high hills or mountains, in which the art of spirit communion and prophecy was taught. Samuel, as a seer, informed Saul that the asses lost three days before, were found.—1 Sam. 9: 20. What did this differ from the clairvoyance of today? It is answered, we pay clairvoyants. Well, read 1 Sam. 9: 7, 8. "Then said Saul to his servant, But behold, if we go, what shall we bring the man? for the bread is spent in our vessels, and there is not a present to bring to the man of God: what have we?" And the servant answered Saul again, and said, behold, I have here at hand the fourth part of a skele of silver; that will I give to the man of God, to tell us our way."

Mr. Walton asserted that when God wished to communicate with men he sent an angel, and asserted that angels were a distinct order of created intelligences. To prove this, he would not doubt quote the scripture assertion that man was created "a little lower than the angels," very true, but who would not consider that man in his bodily creation earthly state is a little lower than he is in his spiritual or angelic state? Proof that angel was a term used to express the spirit of man, is found in 1 Cor. 22: 8, 9, where the angel declares himself John's fellow servant and one of the prophets. Acts 12: 14, 15 speaks of Peter's angel in the same sense that a Methodist to day would speak of a man's apparition or ghost. Dan 9: 21 speaks of the man Gabriel, who touched him at the time of the evening oblation. Acts 10: 13 speaks of an angel of the Lord coming to Cornelius, in the thirtieth verse he calls the same a man in bright clothing. Matt. 28: 2 speaks of the angel of the Lord at the sepulchre. Mark 16: 5 calls it a young man. Luke 24: 3 speaks of the same as two men in shining garments John 20: 12 calls them two angels in white. Judges 13: 3, 9, 13, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, all speak of the angel that appeared to Manoah and his wife; the same spiritual being in the 6, 8, and 10 verses of the same chapter is spoken of as a man. Now, if an angel is a man, these references show it to be the spirit of a man; there is no other rational conclusion.

Coucluded next week

JESU: OF NAZARETH.

On the 6th page of this number of the Journal, will be found an extract from the Book entitled, "Jesus of Nazareth," as given by the spirit of St. Paul, to which we call the attention of our readers. The book is for sale at this office. See our book list as published from week to week in this paper. The world is worth ten times what it costs.

We shall continue this narrative in the next number of the JOURNAL.

Letter From Mrs. Spence.

MR. EDITOR:—During the twelve years of my labors as a Spiritual lecturer in nearly every State in the Union, I of course, like every other lecturer, had thousands of hours, formed numerous acquaintances, and made many friends. With them all I believe I acquired, if no other reputation, at least that of being not only a zealous and faithful worker, but also a sincere and honest advocate of what I conceived to be the truth, regardless of the loss of reputation, and of the favor and friendship even of Spiritualists themselves, and at the risk of my personal liberty, and perhaps, at times, of my life. There are, therefore, a large number of persons in the various States in which I have lectured, as well as elsewhere, who, having confidence in me individually, would like to hear me personally. I regard the Positive and Negative Powders as the Positive and Negative Powders of which my name has been identified, and about which so much has been said in the Spiritual and secular papers. To meet this general wish and to answer many private letters of inquiry on the subject, I beg leave to make the following public statement:

1st. As has already been announced, the formula for the preparation of the Positive and Negative Powders was given through my membership, between five and six years ago.

2d. The Positive and Negative Powders have not only surpassed my most sanguine expectations of their practical operations as a medicine, but they have equalled anything I could possibly have desired, or requested of the Spirit World in advance, unless I had requested a perpetual miracle.

3d. There have been published during the last five years in the BANNER OF LIGHT, RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL and other Spiritual and secular papers, several hundred certificates and reports of cures wrought by the Positive and Negative Powders, many of which may justly be called remarkable.

4th. The Positive and Negative Powders may

more are still on file, and not a few of

published in due time. The authenticity and genuineness of all these certificates and reports I can vouch for; and furthermore, the originals are on file, and open to the inspection of any one who desires to see them; moreover, the public are at liberty (and are requested) to call upon or address by letter the writers of those reports and certificates, and satisfy themselves of their genuineness and truthfulness.

5th. There are many physicians who use the Positive and Negative Powders largely in their practice; and there are also a few clergymen who use and recommend them to others, and who have even solicited an agency for the sale and distribution of them among the people.

6th. The Positive and Negative Powders are composed of a variety of vegetable and animal substances.

The above facts compel me to be as earnest as possible an advocate of the Positive and Negative Powders as I ever have been of any other phenomenon of Spiritualism.

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Powders fairly and without prejudice, knowing, as I do, that such a test will in all cases result in confirming the statements already made concerning them in establishing their inestimable value as an embodiment of healing power, and in demonstrating the existence and beneficence of the invisible intelligence which projected them into the world, for the good of the world.

AMANDA M. SPENCE.

371 St. Mark's Place, New York.

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They will be useful to all

Communications from the Inner Life.

We shall give His angels charge concerning them.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

FRANK'S JOURNAL—NO. 39.

BY FRANCES H. SMITH, OF BALTIMORE—MEDIUM.

James Levy.

Dear friend, I come because you are kind to dark spirits. I have been told about you many times, and I feel encouraged to beg you to hear my sad story.

I was born in Ireland, and came to this country when a child. I began a life of crime when I was only fifteen years old. I had but little education; merely could read and write, and when I was bound apprentice to a tallow master, I knew but little of the world. I grew up a little spout of a fellow, letting no one impose upon me, because I was small.

When I became free I set up for myself in Baltimore, and soon began to get ahead in the world. I had an only sister who thought she knew everything but money, and that she could not learn the value of—any one could cheat her. I let her manage the house until I saw that everything was going to ruin, and then I looked about for a wife. I fixed my eyes upon a tailor's daughter, about seventeen years old, and we soon made up a match. My sister could not bear the thought of it, but I cared not for that, and before long I had a wife at home.

I am left to my memory to relate one of the strangest scenes ever witnessed. I had given my sister to understand that my wife must now control the family. She had no idea of anything but money. The first quarrel was a very trifling matter, but it caused a terrible catastrophe. My sister wanted me to leave her, and sat at the head of the table. My wife looked at me. I rose to make some give way, but she would not. I took her by the hand and lifted her from the chair. She sprang upon me and fixed her hand in my hair. I pushed her away, and in falling she struck her head against the stairs and fractured her skull. I picked her up a corpse. Consternation fell upon us both—what to do we knew not.

At length I sent for a doctor and told him exactly how the thing occurred. He advised my going to a magistrate and make the same confession. I did so, and he bound me over to appear at court. At the trial I made no defense, but rested the case upon my own confession, and was acquitted.

I could never blame myself for what had occurred, because I had no unkind feelings toward my sister. Her temper was unbearable when I was after this sad occurrence. I could not rest a moment; for it seemed to me that sister was always at my side. I had no peace for some time, but after awhile I got over it, and I met with sympathy from every one.

First, let me tell you what kind of a woman my wife was. She was not handsome, but she had a pleasant countenance and a good word for everybody. We got along very well, and would have been as happy a couple as could be found, had it not been for her mother, who was as great a meddler with other people's affairs, as ever lived. She would come and order things about as if all belonged to her. I could not bear this, for I wanted my wife to be mistress. One day she came and began to order things about, and I told her to go home; she refused, and I got up to her out. I had no thoughts of anything else. She got up, joined her daughter and said she would not leave my house. Watching an opportunity, I sprang, got her down, and began to drag her out. How she screamed! And I dragged on. As I dragged her down the stairs she caught hold of the bannister. I pulled, and she screamed. At length a man, hearing the racket, came in, and I ordered him off, but he joined against me and tried to break my hold. I gave him a kick that sent him reeling down stairs; he struck his head against a wine cask that happened to be there, and broke his neck.

Here was another terrible affair. Every one was sober in an instant. There lay the body—we saw at a glance that he was dead. I went at once to the police office and told what had happened, gave bond for my appearance, left home and went to Canada. I returned to stand my trial, and was acquitted.

Here were two lives sent from this world by me, and yet no blame could be attached to me. The man was a stranger, but I learned he had a family that was left destitute; I cared for them as well as I could.

I now come to an event that changed my whole life. I had a kind, loving wife, ready to do what she could to make me comfortable and happy. I had no thought of any other, woman; but there was one living a few doors off that often came to our house. She was very handsome, and her kind manners won every one's regard. I can not understand now why this woman gained such ascendancy over me, but so it was. I became perfectly fascinated with her, and could not remain out of her society. My wife saw this and was very much grieved; but the more she grieved the more I became enthralled. At length, I laid aside all restraint, and gave myself up entirely to this woman. It was more than any wife could bear, and she became perfectly wretched. I had now ceased to love her, and began to think how much better off I should be if she was gone. Gradually this thought increased, and I began to think of the best means of getting her out of the way. I thought of—
and, but I knew nothing about it. I
asked, At length, I went to
I imagined of an apothecary.

He told me of a certain
stray life, if continued for a
procurer, and I immediately
week passed before I could
the poison; but after awhile
e did not move so quickly. I
teas, but I had done some-
thing. In about a month, her
A doctor was called in,
what was the matter. He
thing wrong, but said it was
Gradually she sank away,
nothas, expired

sickness of my wife. I had a
in my companion, but barely
before—horror, horror was
I would, there was my wife
was not a mere vision, but a
was plainer to me in her life.
at me in her rage—I believed
her, but wanted the strength
of a coward, but now I trem-
bled upon me. You can have
a state of things. I saw my
a coffin and covered up in the
she is at my side every day

I could not stand this; I could
and became ill. The doctor
could do it. He couldn't see
my dead in my bed.

I know nothing about it. I
cathedral sometimes, but it was all
to me, and when I thought about dy-
I hope it might be an eternal sleep.

I opened my eyes upon an immense dome,

like the one we see in the cathedral, only a thousand times larger, and it was as dark as night. I did not hear a sound nor see anything moving. Faute and weary, I kept as still as I could, for I feared that something dreadful was going

to happen. I did not wait long before I heard at a distance something like water falling. After awhile it grew louder, and I heard screams and then it seemed like a million people screaming as loud as they could. Falling down, I hoped they would not see me; but they did, and came and caught me by hair, and dragged me till I had no life; that is, I knew nothing—nothing died here.

When I came to, what should I see but my wife, looking as natural as ever she did. I tried to avoid her, but could not for she kept close to me. I begged her to go away, but she laughed in my face, and when I rose up to go she rose too; and so she continued always at my side.

I have been here now fifteen years, and in all that time have not had one moment's peace. Can you tell me anything that will give relief? I have been told you can.

I have given religious instruction.

"I have heard every word, and how to express myself I know not. It has worked up to another change in my condition. I will do just as you have said—keep away from these wretches, and try to repeat. God bless you, my dear friend, you have been a treasure to me."

Confession of Saul of Tarsus, as Given by Him through his Chosen Medium, Alexander Smyth, and Published in the Introduction to his Remarkable Work entitled

THE TRUE LIFE OF JESUS OF NAZARETH."

"Friend Alexander!" said the Spirit Saul to me, at our next communion, who, at this time, seemed to be unattended by Judas; "Since I was with you, I have had an interview with our Superior Spiritual Powers, who regulate the affairs of this sphere in which I am placed. I made known to them my good fortune in having discovered you; I described your character; related some of the incidents of your life, and at length gained their assent to make you our medium and Agent in the business I have alluded to. I will now give you a sketch of my true worldly career, which will be necessary, in order to understand rightly the important part that is to follow."

The Spirit gave vent to a slight laugh and paused for a few minutes as though he were endeavoring to overcome some violent emotions. At length he uttered a maddened tone of voice:

"It is time, my friend, to confess that which I am about to do. To speak of one's self, concerning things, and deeds, the remembrance of which fills me with horror; but such is the result of a sinful life: therefore, however loathing and repugnant to me, it must be done. Bear with me, then, my friend, during my recital—let not your just indignation break with me, but wait patiently to the end, and bear witness to the only atonement I can make to outraged humanity for my past wickedness and follies."

I was born in Tarsus, a city of Cilicia, about two years preceding the birth of Jesus of Nazareth; this is important to observe, for after the death of Jesus, when my name is first introduced in the book of Acts, I am there represented as a very young man, supposed to be much younger than he was, when in fact I was his elder. The name given to me by my parents was Saul, after my progenitor through the line of Benjamin. My father was named Bathus, my mother Eunice; they were both pious people of the Jewish faith, and I was educated in the same principles.

My father was an active, preserving man—desirous of doing something for the world; but seeing nothing better or more available to him than common business, he limited his ambition to that, to which he applied himself with great energy, with the desire in view of becoming a source of time wealth. He was a tent maker by trade, at which he prospered and gained riches.

After receiving the rudiments of an education at home, I was sent, at about twelve years of age, to Jerusalem to finish under the tutorage of Rabbi Hophan Gamaliel, a celebrated man with whom I remained several years. I said that I was educated in the same religious principles as my parents, and during my youth I was an innocent believer in them; but when at the Holy City, surrounded by the Priesthood, and having recourse to their books of law and traditions, a great flood of light gradually spread over my mind. I could not help perceiving the trickeries, knaveries, hypocrisies and selfishness of those holy men; and as well, the lies, fables and absurdities of the sacred books.

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As I said before, this part of the preacher's nature was aroused within me a great curiosity. I was desirous of discovering who this great personage could be that John was keeping in the background. I suspected that John was in league with somebody, who under the assumption of the Messiah's advent, was going to make an attempt to change the theological views of society, and exalt himself into power. I was not credulous enough to believe in the appearance of any true Messiah. This set my mind in action—I endeavored to imagine their designs, doctrines and actions, until I became weary of reflection; and at length I resolved to sift the matter thoroughly and as quickly as possible. Accordingly, I sought out a copy of John the Baptist, in his retreat among the wilderness of mountains by the lake Asphaltos. I saw the man and found him to be more of a fool and fanatic, than a cunning imposter as I suspected. He was a wild, asocial fanatic, who had rendered himself crazy by studying the books of the prophets; yet he was sincere in what he said and believed. He said that he had found the Messiah in a certain man, whom he was going to baptize on the morrow, whom he would introduce him to the people. Having gained this information from John, I resolved to be present at this baptism.

On the day appointed, I was at the place designated; I saw the baptism, and I saw the man whom John had brought forth to play a conspicuous part in life. I certainly never saw a more noble, amiable and handsome man in my life; and after hearing certain accounts of his skill, or mysterious power in curing of diseases, I considered him a fit person to assume the part that John—in his religious fanaticism—considered he naturally inherited. All these things combined, suggested an idea to me, of what should be my future career. I hurried to my room and entered in deep reflection. Ideas after ideas, and plan after plan, did I resolve and voice in my mind. At length my plan was decided upon—I sprang to my feet, and paced the room, exclaiming, "It shall be so! I will yet be a new star, to dazzle the vision of mankind! They shall follow where I lead—they shall obey, reverence, and perhaps, do me homage. Now, Soul to action! Forward to the end in view, and crush down all things that obstruct thy path!"

In this sketch of my earthly career, I need not give you the particulars of my proceedings: I will merely state my design and its results—leaving all details until I give you the True Narrative of Jesus, which is the great object I have in view.

My design was, to make Jesus and his doctrines the means by which I would build a new religious sect, that should be acceptable and promising to the poorer and ignorant part of the community; and which should seem to be based upon the dim and ambiguous ravings of the Jewish Prophets. In fact, by misrepresenting and misinterpreting the discourses of Jesus with the aid of lies and deceptions, to represent him as the expected Messiah, and that he should represent himself as such, even in defiance of his own intentions and speculations. This I found possible, with the assistance of others who worked at my bidding. After Jesus should have given his reforming career to me, it was my intention to have him in collision with the authorities of the Temple and the Government. I said to myself; he must then be removed and sacrificed to the principles and doctrines he endeavored to establish in society; for new principles take deep root in the minds of men, when they are well sprinkled with the blood of martyrs. This I managed to accomplish by my evil schemings and workings. Jesus was sacrificed. The foundation was now laid, upon which I built the superstructure of my ambitious desires. John the Baptist, while acting under his religious craziness, served my ends; but while in prison, he returned to his same state of mind, and began to see his errors and folly. From fear that he would recant what he had previously thought concerning Jesus, I caused him to be destroyed. Judas I slew with my own hands, as soon as I could dispense with his services, from fear that he would betray me to the world, as he was the depository of my secrets. There was now but one person of whom I was jealous, or considered an obstruction in my path: it was Stephen; I hated him for his virtues and talents, and I was afraid that while he lived, I should not be the first to lead and govern the disciples of Jesus, and be considered worthy of their esteem. Accordingly I managed to have him denounced by the Sanhedrin, and sacrificed to their fury and my hatred.

Having accomplished all these preliminaries, I came forward in open day as an actor. With delegated authority from the Sanhedrin, I traveled toward Damascus, under the pretence of persecuting the new people; but in fact, it was to get a more favorable locality where I could perform the first part of my open intended career. As I approached the city, a storm arose of thunder and lightning. "Here is an opportunity I must not lose," I said to myself. Then I threw myself from my horse,—fell prostrate on the ground, and acted a pantomime of great terror. Indeed, with a little well-performed imposture, I pretended that the Son of Jesus had appeared to me, rebuking me for my wicked course, and commanding me henceforth to go through the world preaching his doctrines and principles. My imposture was generally believed by the disciples and followers of the late Jesus, and all those who knew otherwise, did not think it worth while to notice it. After a time,—which I passed in reflecting upon my future plans, but which I represented as passed in repentance and prayer,—I entered upon my travels; preaching certain doctrines of my own invention, which I gave to the world, as being the doctrines of Jesus whom I had caused to be murdered. My own fictions and lies I passed off as being the gospels of truth, as delivered from the mouth of the crucified Jesus, the Christ,—the Son of God.

"Oh! what a terrible monstrosity! What a mountain of vile imposition I have imposed upon the world! My deeds while on earth were black and hideous enough; but the wickedness of my doctrines, which I left to after ages of blind credulous men were ten thousand times more damning. What a contrast there is, my friend Alexander, between the doctrines taught by Jesus, and those I represented as his! His discourses consisted of the purest and best of morality, calculated to establish among men a sense of universal justice, charity and humility. He endeavored to abolish all wicked and vicious habits, practices and notions; uprooting their stead with a knowledge of physical truths and principles, all of which tended to harmonize mankind. His speculative ideas if not realties, were beautiful assumptions, teaching that there was one universal, eternal God of love and mercy, who delighted in all that was good among his children; rewarding all according to their merits. He taught that death was not to be annihilated, as some supposed, but only a transition state from our mortal to an immortal nature; where the emigrating Spirit would be placed in a sphere of favorable conditions to carry out all its noble and virtuous aspirations.

The doctrines of Jesus were the principles of nature simplified, easy to comprehend, and rendering to the benefit of man. In character, Jesus was a lover of truth and of his fellow-men,—full of charitable and benevolent feeling, mild and unassuming in his deportment,—contented with little in this world, and depending upon God for all things, whom he, in his unknown orphan state, styled his Heavenly Father. Contrast with this character, friend Alexander, the ridiculous and absurd doctrine I preached concerning Jesus:—all the nonsense of faith, grace and salvation by the redemption of sins through the blood of Jesus the Christ. Look at the books called the *Gospels*,—the original one being written by Luke, at my suggestion and designing, from which, all the others have been copied and imitated, with thousands of additions and omissions, to suit the notions of the various itinerant preachers, calling themselves the teachers of Jesus words. Examine these books, and see the mass of confused and contradictory nonsense delivered as the teachings of Jesus. See the absurd and ridiculous light in which his character is represented, with qualities neither befitting a man nor God, and in another, he is equal to both. Coming into the world in most ridiculous and unnatural garments, assuming to have a mission, which he never performed, assuming to have power that he never exercised in defense of himself, or his friends,—assuming to be sent to a people, who would not receive him, and preaching his mission to those he was not sent to. He professes to be a man of peace, and that all mankind by his shall be blessed;—yet he says that he was not sent to restore peace,—but the sword. In one place, he says he is equal with God, and in another, he says he is not equal. At one time, he says his witness or record is truth itself—then in another, he denies the same. And in general, his character is represented to be deficient of all those qualities necessary to constitute a great and noble man, and much more, it is deficient of those necessary to constitute a God as he is represented to be. In fact, Alexander, if you examine the *Gospels*, my *Epistles*, and all the other writings of the New Testament, you will find them to be a compilation of lies, contradictory statements, ridiculous absurdities, and mystical nonsense, too disgusting for any intelligent person to give credence or dependence to. I was the originator of the celebrated Gospels; but subsequent impostors like myself, added and altered my model to suit themselves, all of which have been painted upon the ignorant world as the history and doctrines of Jesus.

There is one exception I must make, as regards my earthly career and preaching. I taught the doctrine of immortality, after death. That is actually true, as I have found it to be since my earthly career terminated; yet there is an error due to me for preaching that truth, as it had been taught by many, before me or Jesus. Had I no definite ideas concerning it; and cannot say that I believed it, as my wicked career will testify,—though I made it the grand theme of my teachings; but finding it acceptable to the people, I laid great stress upon it, and by a little sophistry, I made it seem true to their minds. Oh! my friend! I wish all my other impostures had been as happy in their results, as this.

Such were the awful results of the damnable doctrines that I preached to mankind, in the name of Jesus the Christ. Had I known the baneful consequences of myreckless ambition, wicked as was my nature, I could not have continued in the course which has proved the greatest curse that ever afflicted mankind. But I have suffered—greatly suffered for my misdeeds! While the fools, hypocrites and knaves were burning incense and shouting praise to Paul the Apostle, for his godless plios deeds when on earth, I was shivering and writhing with the tortures of the hell within me. The poignant stings of guilt and remorse were piercing my soul through and through—curling me up with a ceaseless, excruciating agony. For nearly eighteen centuries did I hunger and thirst after the sustenance peculiar to spiritual life. While deluded mortals considered me to be enjoying the beauties and bliss of a happy exalted state in this world, I was suffering all the indestructible agonies of the self-damned.

But time has passed; I have made all the amends that is required of me here for my misdeeds, while on earth; yet there is one duty I must perform to humanity, and that is to enlighten them concerning my history in connection with Jesus of Nazareth, and give a true narrative of that part of his life which ended in a tragic death, of which I was the instigator. It is the only atonement I can make for the outrage I have given to mankind, and the injustice done to the injured Jesus. When I say this, I speak for Judas also, who sincerely joins me in the sentiments I declare; for he, as far as he was connected with this lamentable affair, wishes to make whatever atonement is possible to Jesus and mankind.

Before I proceed to impart to you the information which is to constitute the True Narrative of Jesus of Nazareth, I must give you a slight-sketch of his early history, which being remote, and not necessarily connected with that part of his life in which I was an actor, I will not mingle it with the rest, but impart what I have to say, at present.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

HEALING POWERS OF SPIRITS.

"The Great Healer," Formerly Known as the Notorious Bee Tamer.

By R. F. BREED.

Perhaps the following will interest your readers Saturday—Sept., 1869, was the first I ever saw Dr. W. A. Flanders, of Shelby, Ohio, who was accompanied by Dr. G. Newcomer, of Cleveland, Ohio. The former of these gentlemen has been extensively known for the last eight years, all through the Northern States, at all the State Fairs, as the notorious "Bee tamer."

For many years, Mr. Flanders has been a medium, and knew it not; but finally in the midst of his business in cultivating and teaching the art of handling bees, he was taken more completely under the control of the gods, and set at work, giving clairvoyant examinations, and healing the sick by the "laying on of hands." The doctor is a large man, weighing some two hundred and fifty pounds, with a large brain and strong will-power. These combined with the strength of his powerful band of spirits, make him a healer of unsurpassed power.

It is said of him, that in Toledo, on the 17th Inst., at the Ohio State Fair, he examined and treated fifty-four cases, and that fifty-one declared themselves cured; the other three were of incurable nature. In Jackson, at the Michigan State Fair, I was with the doctor for three days on the Fair ground, and I saw him before the multitude examine and treat over two hundred persons, with wonderful satisfaction and success. The deaf were made to hear, the lame to walk, and stiffened limbs were made limber. One man who could not hear a watch tick when put into his mouth previous to treatment, went away hearing quite distinctly. Another man who had been lame for thirty years from an injury of the knee-pan, and was not able to raise his foot three inches from the ground previous to treatment, was so relieved and restored as to walk briskly and throw his foot four feet high against the wall. A young lady, shivering with ague, was relieved of her malady, and went off well. Aches and pains of all description were dispelled, and crooked limbs straightened.

An attempt to enumerate all the wonders done by the doctor before the eyes of the gazing multitude, would take too much space here. Dispatches were sent ten to fifty miles distant for the afflicted, by their friends, to come and be healed. Parties followed the doctor from Toledo to be cured, after witnessing the wonders he did there. Much interest was felt by those who witnessed these things, and many a sceptic was made to think, for the doctor publicly proclaimed that he was a Spiritualist, and that it was not his power, but that it was the power of the spirits who controlled him. That as Christ and his apostles healed by the "laying on of hands," so did he, "and greater things than these shall be done in my name," or in and through the principles I teach.

Jackson, Mich., Sept. 25th, 1869.

—Sixteen thousand children attend the public schools of St. Louis.

